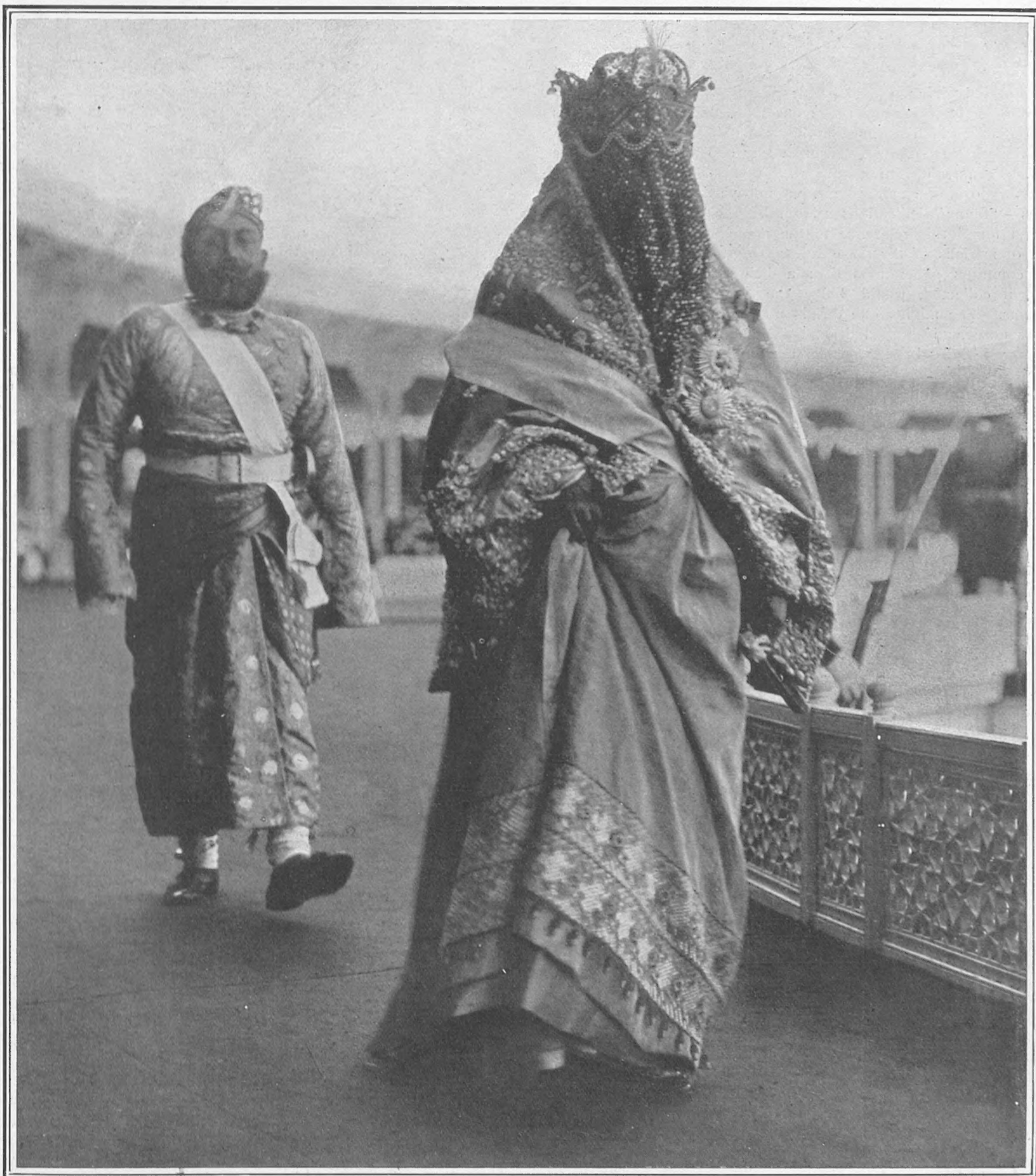


The Sketch

No. 988.—Vol. LXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



WITH HER FACE HIDDEN UNDER A GOLD LACEWORK RUBANDAR, AND WEARING A CROWN OF GOLD FILIGREE: THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL AT THE DELHI DURBAR.

The Begum of Bhopal, who will be remembered in this country as a prominent figure during the Coronation ceremonies this year, and was much observed in Westminster Abbey, made a most picturesque appearance at Delhi when she paid homage to the King-Emperor. Her features were completely hidden beneath a gold lacework rubandar, or veil, and, as our photograph shows, she wore a rich crown of gold filigree.—[Photograph by Ernest Brooks.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



"'Nough Said." Some wildly eccentric fellow has been good enough to send me a booklet of prose and verse, entitled "'Nough Said." He contrived to arrest my attention at once by writing on the envelope, "Pansies . . . that's for thought"; which shows that he is a clever publisher. Then I found my own name, printed on a tiny slip and pasted on the flyleaf. This, again, is unusual.

Passing over the extravagant, but not particularly funny dedications—"funny" dedications seldom hit the mark, somehow or other—I found this reference to the anonymous author: "Composed of myriads of diverse entities, a mysterious being lives on while countless generations die: a being breathes whose total works, if collected, would bulge the walls of several British Museums. The mighty one dwells not at Stratford-on-Avon, but blushes unseen; if serried hosts of readers, armed with megaphones, yelled for his portrait as a frontispiece, 'twould be like an oyster whispering to a stone dog! They would never, never get the said presentment. Nay."

For an entirely ineffective suppliant you would have to try a long time before you matched "an oyster whispering to a stone dog." The picture encouraged me to read further. "Eve," I learnt, "would frequently kiss Adam on the throat, and, with a feminine purr (which has been handed down), urge the raiment question." I then felt quite sure that I should like the booklet.

"She is a Woman." Here is one verse from a little poem on Woman—

She is charming when she's charming and she's melting when she cries.
She has little wells and rills of loving laughter in her eyes—
And I never hear the names of half the articles she buys,
'Cause she's a woman.

And you don't, you know.

But the cleverest thing by far in the little volume is the explanatory note, modelled on a Queen's Hall programme, to the "Bacchanal for Bassos" called "Wife with a Wooden Leg." I must give you the refrain of the bacchanal in order that you may appreciate the burlesque value of the Note—

Thump! thump! thump
On a timber stump!
Ho! ho! ho! ho! Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!
Wife she's a good 'un!
Ah! she's a good 'un:
Wife with a wooden,
Wooden, wooden, wooden,
Wife with a wooden, wooden, wooden leg!

How to Sing It. The whole point, of course, lies in the Note—

In the following song, verses are droned with deep and very slow notes, as is suggested by the mingled tones of oboes and bass viols. Then the chorus, keeping for first two lines or so the same slow tune, would gradually accelerate: each line of chorus becomes a kind of jocular spasm. . . . Music for this would have to be at once bold, firm, and calmly thought out, because the song itself has grip.

In another poem, the word "zoonin'" is introduced. This word is explained in a footnote as "the low rushing whisper of the wind, or the sound of the voice of the wife of a man as he falls asleep. O, Lucky Jim!"

Despite the author's passionate resolve to remain anonymous, one may discover a good deal about him from internal evidence. He is certainly a printer, for there are liberties taken with types and

the setters of type that nobody outside the magic ring would dare to risk. I should say, at a rough guess, that the booklet was written and "set up" by the same hand. He is either an American or has lived some years in America; otherwise, he could never have written about an oyster whispering to a stone dog. Finally, he lives in the North of England, Leeds for choice, loves the Musical Festivals, and loathes the ultra-puritanical.

Anyway, I hope he will send me as merry a Christmas card next year. This one will now be handed on to a sick friend with a turn for eccentricity.

The Alimony Club. I see that the Alimony Club has been at it again. The membership of the club has been reduced to twelve, but the Christmas banquet seems to have been as great a success as ever.

The Alimony Club, as you may know, is composed of divorced or "separated" gentlemen who, as a matter of principle, prefer to go to gaol rather than pay alimony to their wives. The President has spent every Christmas in gaol for the last ten years.

The special Club Song is the popular ballad, "I wonder who's kissing her now!" This, I understand, is sung with tremendous zest at the Banquet. The warden of the prison attends the dinner. To him falls the toast of "Our Absent Friends—including wives." He is a very popular gentleman, and this year was presented with a silver loving-cup by his grateful prisoners.

Two ex-members returned to prison rather than miss the dinner. The warden, naturally, was rather stern with them. I suspect he is a little hurt when any member resigns.

A feature of this year's dinner was a telegram sent to Mr. Carnegie. "Alimony Club," it read, "strongly favour universal peace. Members therefore pledge themselves to do all in their power to remain single."

You, friend the reader, and I have no desire to join the Alimony Club. In any case, you are not eligible—unless you happen to be an American citizen. The address of the club is New York.

An Easy Question.

"When a woman is approaching you out of doors, what is it that first attracts your attention to her?"

This question has been put by one of my daily papers to a number of men. It is an easy question, yet I cannot discover in any of the answers the right one. The first man thought he would be attracted by the woman's hat and clothes. Fancy a man being attracted by a hat and clothes! What an insult to Women!

The second man gave his vote in favour of the shoes and the shapeliness of the ankle. This is almost as ridiculous. If it were generally true, men would go about with their eyes on the ground. But they don't.

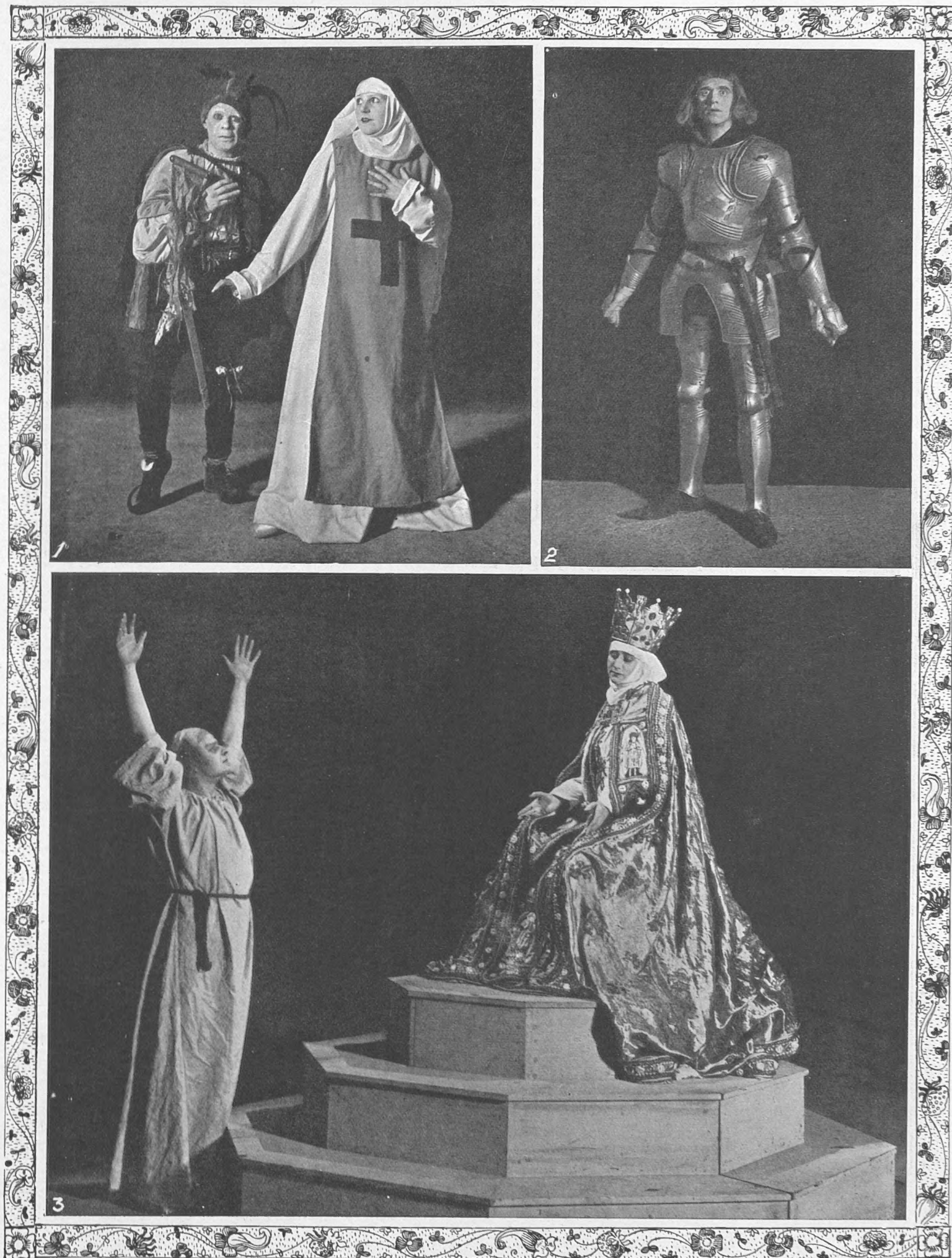
The third man was wiser. He said that he would be first attracted by the face and complexion.

"A Poet" cared for nothing but eyes.

I will attempt to show you why all these men were wrong. At a distance of fifty yards, no man on earth can see a woman's clothes, or her hat, or her shoes, or her face, or her complexion, or her eyes. A man is first attracted by her *size*, and then by her "carriage." Every grown-up man must have a definite taste on the question of figure. If he sees in the distance the sort of figure he admires, he will then see the hat, the shoes, the face, the complexion, and the eyes. If the approaching figure is not the sort of figure he admires, the hat is merely a hat, the face is just a face, and he never gets to the shoes.

THE NUN, THE SPIELMANN, THE KNIGHT, AND THE MADONNA.

"THE MIRACLE," AT OLYMPIA.

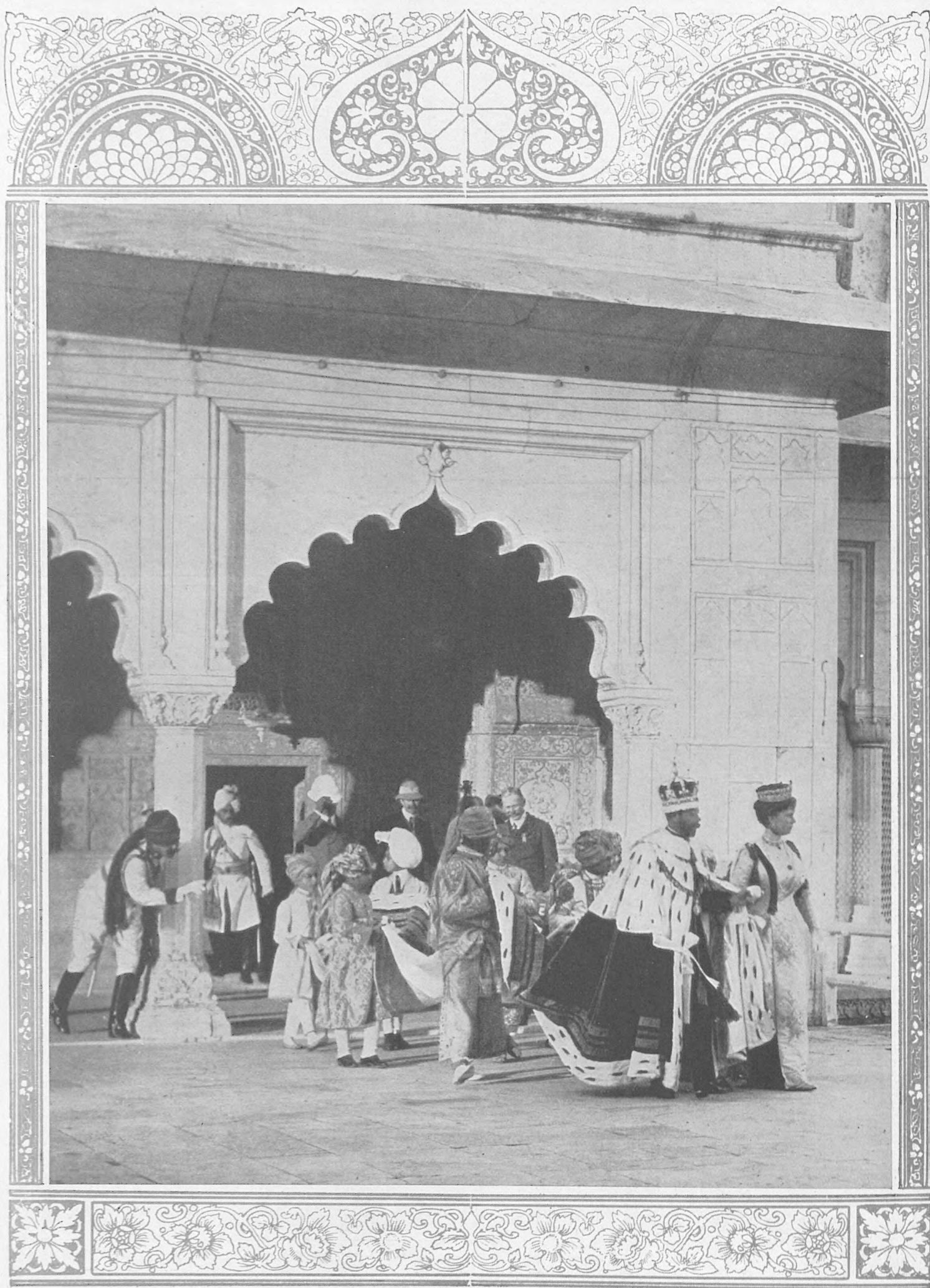


1. M. MAX PALLEMBERG AS THE TEMPTING SPIELMANN AND MLE. NATACHA TROUHANOWA AS THE NUN. 2. MR. DOUGLAS PAYNE AS THE KNIGHT.

3. THE MIRACULOUS IMAGE GIVES A CRIPPLE THE USE OF HIS LIMBS—MLE. MARIA CARMÍ AS THE MADONNA.

In the first act of "The Miracle" there is a procession of pilgrims before the miraculous image of the Madonna, and a lame man is cured of his infirmity. The procession then passes out and the Nun is left alone in the cathedral. The piping of the Spielmann (whose name indicates the spirit of worldly pleasure) is heard without, mingled with children's voices. The Nun yields to these influences and joins in the metry-making. Then the Knight appears at the portal, and the Nun tries to avoid him. The Abbess arrives, and the Nun is condemned, for neglect of duty, to stay kneeling before the Madonna all night. The Knight again appears and leads her away into the world. Herr Max Pallenberg, who plays the Spielmann, is described on the programme as "the greatest comedian in Austria and an idol of the Viennese." This is his first appearance in England.—[Photographs by E. O. Hoppé.]

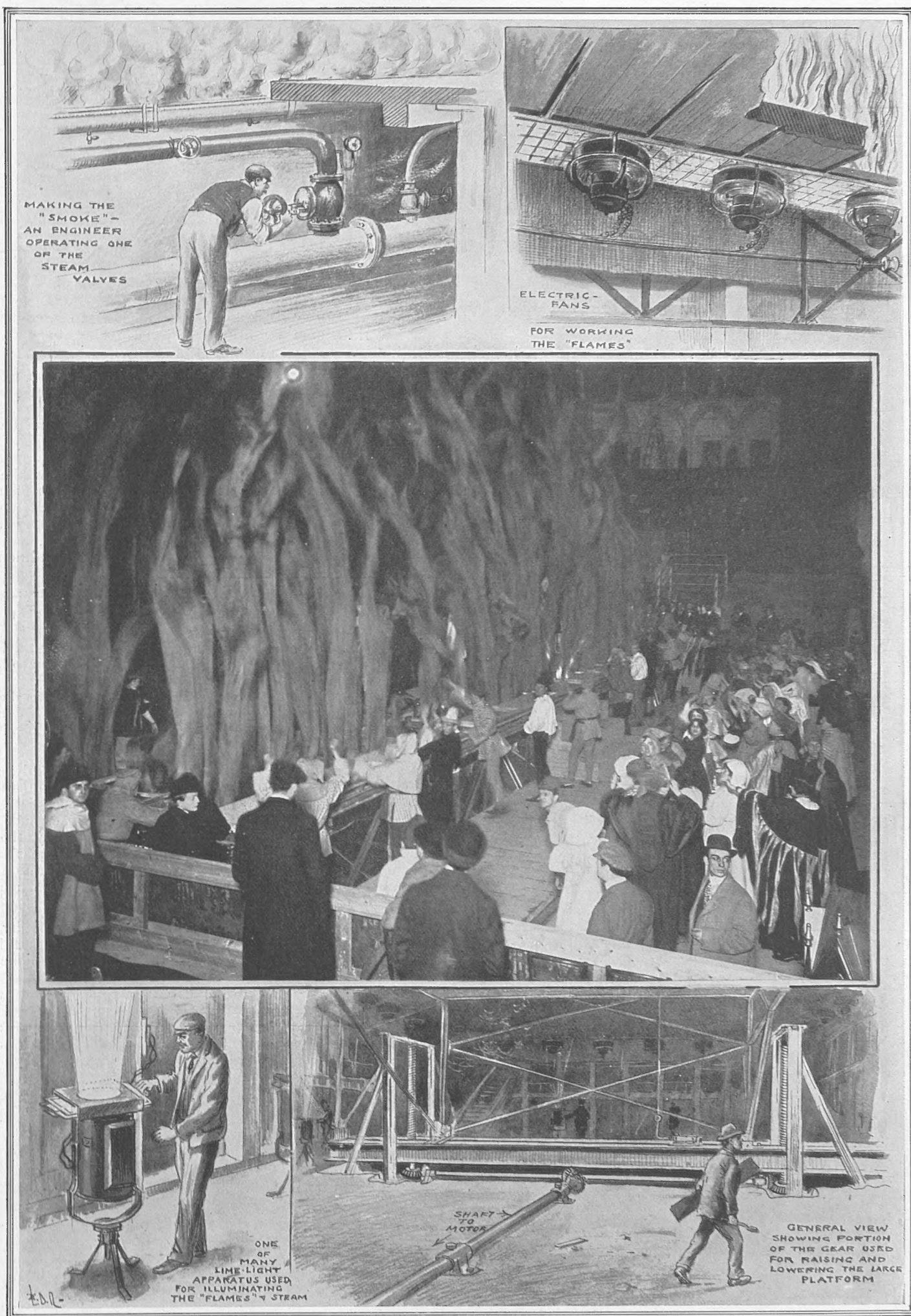
HAND IN HAND: THE KING-EMPEROR AND THE QUEEN-EMPRESS.



FINAL AND EAGER ORDERS TO THE PRINCELY INDIAN TRAIN-BEARERS: A NATIVE OFFICER GIVING INSTRUCTIONS AS THEIR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES WENT OUT TO SHOW THEMSELVES TO THE ASSEMBLED PEOPLE AT DELHI.

The King-Emperor's train was carried by six pages in white and gold. Two of these were the boy Maharajahs of Bharatpur and Jodhpur. The other four represented the princely houses of Idar, Bikaner, Orchha, and Bhopal. The Queen-Emperor's train was borne by the Thakur Sahib of Palitana and the heir to the State of Rewa. The Indian officer seen on the left is giving final instructions to the train-bearers, as their Majesties went out to show themselves to the people after the garden-party which they gave in the Fort at Delhi on the day following the Durbar. The photograph was taken on the terrace of the Musamam Burj, the tower on which the Mogul Emperors showed themselves to their subjects every day.—[Photograph by Ernest Brooks.]

FIRE-MAKING AT OLYMPIA: STEAM SMOKE AND SILK FLAMES.



THE "BLAZE" WHICH RESULTS FROM THE NUN'S DANCE WITH TORCHES, IN "THE MIRACLE"—HOW IT IS DONE.

The official story of "The Miracle," describing a scene in the Intermezzo, says: "Dejected and inconsolable beyond measure, there is prepared for the King a masquerade. Seeking to minimise his grief, the Nun dances before him, taking a torch in each hand and dancing wildly till the air is stifled with passion. The torches catch the streaming tresses of the masqueraders, and soon the assembly is enveloped in the devouring flames. Into the fierce maw of the devastating fire the dancers go, the Nun and the King alone being unscathed." At the first performance this scene was not given—indeed, at the moment of writing it has not yet been seen—but we understand that it will be presented before long. Meantime, we are able to show how the illusion of fire is produced—with the aid of steam masquerading as smoke, strips of yellow and orange silk, blown about by fans, acting as flames, and vari-coloured lights.

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January 3, 1912.

Signature.....

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BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

BY taking the title of Baron Aberconway, Sir Charles Maclaren, no doubt unconsciously, ousted the Duke of Abercorn from his pride of place, held since the creation of the dukedom in 1868, as first name on the list of Peers in "Debrett." The 1912 edition of that famous "Peerage" is exceptionally valuable and interesting owing to the large number of honours—675 in all, exclusive of the Durbar—conferred during the past twelve months. It includes a full list of the Durbar honours announced on Dec. 12. The changes in the social and political world during 1911 have involved the addition of ninety new pages to "Debrett," while not a single page remains exactly the same as in the last edition.

"Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" (Harrison and Sons), in the new edition for 1912, continues to maintain its excellence as a genealogical account of the titled families of the Empire. The information concerning Peers and Baronets is not confined to lists of their surviving relatives, but, it is claimed, contains an account of every member of their families, living or dead, a separate paragraph being devoted to each. The Knightage gives in alphabetical order an account of every Knight Commander, Companion, and Member of the various orders of Knighthood, and of their widows. Much information is included as to precedence, and foreign titles used by British subjects. The abundant heraldic illustrations are also a feature of the book.

If the average Londoner were asked to name the most indispensable book known to him, he would probably rule out Shakespeare and the Bible and plump for the "Post Office London Directory." Nor, from the purely business point of view, would he be very far wrong. What we should do without the London Directory it is impossible to imagine: it is a bulwark of the State, a pillar of the otherwise crumbling British Constitution. Seriously, the London Directory is a marvellous compendium of information marvellously arranged. Its accuracy and completeness are universally recognised. The directories of London proper and of the London County Suburbs can be had either together or separately, and each is accompanied by an excellent map. The 1912 edition is the 113th annual publication of the work.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes" is one of the handiest and most useful volumes of its kind. Being arranged in one general alphabetical list, it shows at a glance whether there is anyone bearing a particular title, together with information as to family and address. In addition to bearers of titles and holders of official positions, many people of social importance are included in the capacity of "landowners being also occupiers of one of the principal county seats." This ropes in a large number of notabilities who are occasionally difficult to track in books of reference.

From bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor to the Carlylean walks of Chelsea, from Finsbury's gay Circus in the east to the spreading chestnut trees of Hammersmith in the west—such is the region whose better-class private residents find their names and addresses recorded in that famous Court guide and directory, the "Royal Blue Book." It is published twice a year, at Christmas and in the Spring, by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., and the 180th edition has just appeared. The volume also contains a good map and many useful official lists.

That the makers of books of reference to the nobility trembled in their shoes during the passage of the Parliament Bill may be gathered from the preface to that very handy and concise work, Whitaker's "Peerage." "Though the shower of Coronation Honours," we read, "has increased its pages by twenty-five, the editor of a Peerage cannot but feel this year that he has much for which to be thankful; five hundred new creations, such as at one time seemed likely, might have increased the sum of human happiness—they *must* have proved little short of overwhelming to the compiler of such a book as this."

All aspirants to success as contributors to papers and magazines, whether as authors or illustrators, would do well to possess themselves of "The Writers' and Artists' Year Book" (A. and C. Black). It is a cheap and handy little work which tells what kind of contribution a periodical is likely to accept, and what payment it is likely to make. Many other useful hints are given which will save the novice much vain labour and disappointment.

We all know that, in the words of the preface to "The Englishwoman's Year-Book" for 1912 (A. and C. Black), there is a "great Renaissance of Woman now going on." The book itself shows, in a manner that would astonish any old-fashioned fogey of the other sex who looked into it, to what extent this movement has already progressed. The Year-Book is a *sine qua non* to women engaged in public or social life, and of great value to those planning a career for themselves or others.

It would seem particularly appropriate to recommend the calendars and diaries for 1912 issued by Messrs. De la Rue to the man in the street, or, as the French might call him, l'homme de la rue. Anyhow, that much-paragraphed individual, as well as everyone else, will find the De la Rue productions in this kind extremely useful, not to say, indispensable.

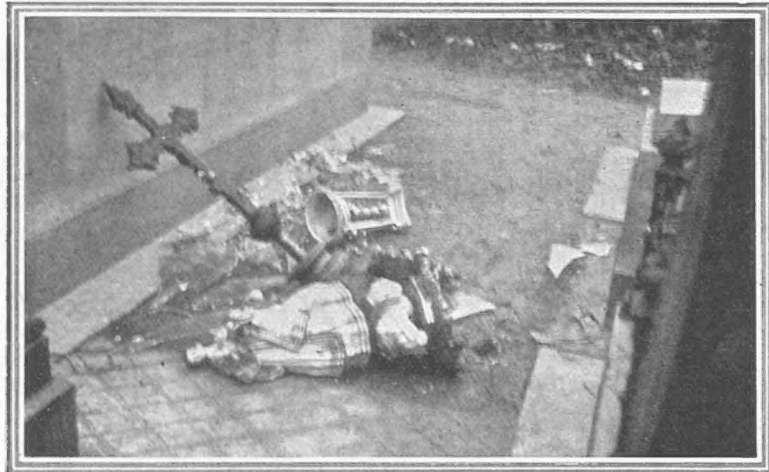


The Disappearance of the Waits.

All kinds of music were in the streets this year in the evenings before Christmas, but the old-fashioned waits seem to have vanished. Perhaps they are out of date, but I do not look on Christmas-tide as being complete unless I am awakened out of my sleep at least once before the great festival by "The Mistletoe Bough." A trombone and a clarinet seemed to be the instruments most favoured by the waits, and these instruments suited the dreariness of the old wail over the bride who was shut into the old chest. Why such a melancholy story and melancholy tune should have been considered suitable to Christmas-tide I cannot imagine; but it used to be pleasant to wake to semi-consciousness and to know that the waits were outside, and then, in the comfort of a warm bed, to sink back into slumber. My shilling to the waits was a Christmas-box I never grudged.

Carol Singers.

There were bands of carol-singers out and about in the hours before midnight in all parts of London in the evenings before Christmas; and while a little band of singers stood on a doorstep and lifted up their voices, collectors with boxes tried to gather contributions from passers-by. I had boxes rattled under my nose in Curzon Street, and in Marylebone High Street, and in a couple of other thoroughfares. It seemed to me that the carol-singers hoped to reap a harvest from people homeward bound from theatres and dinner-



THE DESECRATION OF THE GRAVE OF MME. LANTHELME IN PÈRE LACHAISE CEMETERY: OBJECTS THROWN FROM THE TOMB BY THE THIEVES.

Some few days ago thieves broke open the tomb of the beautiful Mme. Lanthelme, the famous French actress who died under such tragic circumstances recently, in an endeavour to steal the jewels which were buried with her. It was thought at first that they had succeeded but it was discovered afterwards that the jewels were still in their envelope beneath the pillow in the coffin. The jewellery, which is valued at about £2000, includes several large pearls, a pearl pendant, and the Oriental necklace of rough pearls and emeralds which Mme. Lanthelme wore in "Les Trois Sultanes."—[Photograph by Rol.]

parties and clubs rather than from the households they serenaded. This is no doubt progressive, but it is not the good old custom.

Country Carollers.

Far more in accordance with the fitness of things was the carol-singing in the Hampshire hamlet where I spent my Christmas. Half-a-dozen little boys, well wrapped up, with woollen comforters tied round their throats by anxious mothers, with crimson cheeks and crimson button-noses, appeared outside the front door of the house at which I dined on Christmas night, and sang out "When shepherds" in fresh young voices with the good Hampshire burr in them. I fancy these were the same youngsters who, after morning service in the parish church, sang "Good King Wenceslas" while their elders, the tenors and basses, watched them in silent approval.

A Country Christmas.

My Christmas this year was spent in rural surroundings. I felt a little proud to have seen the sun rise—but that, at this time of the year, does not necessitate very early rising. A walk across the common, edged by fir forests and with a view of the line of the Downs in the distance, and the filling of one's lungs with what always seems to me the best air to be found in England, was part and portion of the morning. There was a football match in progress on the village green, but that, on Christmas morning, is an innovation of which I do not approve. The service in the old church, where the Crusaders sleep in stone, decorated with holly and chrysanthemums; the singing of the Christmas hymns and the carol by the boys; and then, after church, a chat with some of the village elders as to the

needful repairs to the church tower and the re-hanging of the bells, completed my Christmas morning. In the afternoon there was the annual football match between the team of the village, in pink-and-white shirts, and their great rivals of the neighbouring parish, who affected yellow-and-red quarterings as their colours. The home team won by three goals, which the village lookers-on considered quite the right and proper termination to the game.

The Mummers.

During the concluding stages of the football match some of the spectators were drawn away by the arrival of the mummers. The mummers of to-day in our little Hampshire village are a survival of the days when the abbeys and monasteries stood close together all over Hampshire, and when the good monks organised simple mystery plays to remind the villagers of the great doings of the saints and martyrs. Thirty years ago the mummers still presented an intelligible rendering of the story of St. George and the Dragon. There were amongst the characters a St. George in helmet and breastplate, and a Dragon with a cardboard head and a long tail. A king and a queen were two others of the characters, and they sang a chant which told how the saint killed the evil beast. That chant, I fancy, must have come down through many generations, but the singers thought as little of its meaning as the boys do when they chant "Remember, remember the Fifth of November!" A pipe and a tabor were still amongst the musical instruments the mummers then used. This Christmas I was sorry to see that all traces of the old story had vanished. The mummers were attired in coats and trousers made out of brilliant-coloured chintz, their hats were covered with coloured paper frills and flowers, and they wore wooden swords by their sides. Their leader wore an old dress-coat with rose-coloured ribbon sewn over its seams. Their instruments of music were a concertina and a tambourine, and the airs they played were old country tunes, which were really the only old-fashioned things in their performance. They stood round the door of each house they visited while a tune was played, and then marched on to the music to the next door, where they repeated their performance



A SURE SIGN OF THE HOLIDAYS: COLLECTING "TOPPERS" AFTER THE BOYS HAVE LEFT ETON FOR CHRISTMAS.

Photograph by Sport and General.



WHEN NOT A GUN OF THE PANTOMIME VARIETY: MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS MEMBER OF A SHOOTING PARTY.

Mr. George Graves, who plays the sporting King of Mnemonica in "Hop-o'-my-Thumb" at Drury Lane, is by way of being a good shot. The photograph shows (from left to right): Mr. Alec Edwards, Colonel Sir Charles Allen, Mr. George Graves, Lord Dewar, Sir T. Dewar.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



LONDON was populous on New Year's Day; even Boxing Day is no longer a desolation in Belgravia. Princess Louise was at the London Opera House, and King Manoel at Olympia. At the Opera, too, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg celebrated the popular holiday to the strains of Offenbach. Prince Louis, even in the gilded luxury of his box, looked every inch a sailor, and none of Mr. Hammerstein's elaborately tanned performers in the Venetian scene appeared very genuine in comparison. The impresario must have itched to put a nautical touch to the decorations surrounding the princely Admiral. A life-like life-buoy hitched to a cupid, and curtains of sea-green, would have given just the touch of illusion so dear to him. Lord and Lady Cheylesmore were also present, and, indeed, the New Year was greeted in town by numbers of people who are accustomed to learn a new date on the Riviera.

Vail for a Valet. Several nice points—nice in a nice sense rather than in that of difficulty—are raised by the bequests of



ENGAGED TO MISS AUDREY EMILY BULWER: SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, whose engagement to Miss Audrey Bulwer, eldest daughter of the late General Sir Edward Bulwer, was announced the other day, is, of course, the well-known mental specialist, who has been the Lord Chancellor's Visitor in Lunacy since 1875. His first marriage (to Emily, daughter of the late Dr. Halliday, who died in 1903) took place in 1865. He is seventy-one. Miss Bulwer is a great-niece of the famous novelist, the first Lord Lytton.

Photograph by Whitlock and Sons.

bequests to royalty; the wine-taster given him by Lord and Lady Colebrooke goes not back to the donors, but to Lord Rosebery, who never disclaims a proper old-world interest in the furniture of his cellars. The gold watch given him by Princess Louise can in future be carried by the Hon. Alfred Tennyson, and other memorials of loyalty go to those who will be bound to treasure them as souvenirs of their own personal friend. They go, for the most part, to such people as those already named and Lord Tennyson and Sir Edgar Speyer; but there is something unexpectedly pleasing in the clause by which the late Equerry's valet, William Stainton, becomes the recipient of silver candlesticks that were the gift of the Princess Louise.

Recruits for Canada. The atmosphere of surprise which still clings to the announcement of a peer's inclination

for work is not missing from the paragraph concerning the agricultural intentions of Lord Clarendon's son and heir. The whole superstition of idleness is harder to eradicate than are poppies from a wheatfield; and it survives because, when titles are hidden under corduroys or buried in the Twopenny Tube on their way to business, the populace knows them not. To Lord Hyde and to Lady Hyde, the prospect of acreage in Canada is neither astonishing nor alarming. Much more irksome is the sight of grass and trees, from their windows in Lancaster Gate, over which they have no authority. Hyde Park to Lord Hyde is a waste of time; the promise of Canadian soil, already tested by his brother-in-law, Lord Somers, is much more stimulating. Lady Hyde denies that she will find any hardship in separation from a park for a certain portion of the year. If names mean anything, she can argue there is a sound that should draw her towards a farmyard, at least in July; for she was born a Somers Cocks.

Past Bearing. The past week has been one long sequence of parties for the young. Every house in town and country



ENGAGED TO MR. ANTHONY PRINSEP: MISS MARIE LÖHR.

In October of the year before last, it was announced that Miss Löhr was engaged to Mr. Robert Loraine, the well-known actor and airman. Later, this engagement was cancelled. Now it is reported that the popular young actress is to marry Mr. Anthony Prinsep. Miss Löhr, of whose stage triumphs "Sketch" readers are well aware, was born at Sydney, in July 1890, and is the only daughter of Mrs. Lewis Löhr, better known by her stage name, Miss Kate Bishop.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

Louise seem to carry with its gathering of sons and them none of the objections daughters, and nephews and not seldom attached to nieces, with a small adult



ENGAGED TO MISS MARIE LÖHR: MR. ANTHONY PRINSEP, SON OF THE LATE VAL PRINSEP, R.A.

Mr. Anthony Prinsep, whose engagement to Miss Marie Löhr was announced the other day, is the second son of the late Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A. The many admirers of the future Mrs. Anthony Prinsep will be exceedingly glad to hear that her wedding will not mean that she will leave the stage, for some time at all events.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MISS IRENE GOUGH, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. CECIL HOWARD WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE ON THE 2ND.

Miss Gough is the daughter of the late Colonel (the Hon. George Hugh Gough. Mr. Cecil Howard is in the 16th Lancers.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

detachment in fancy dress to wait upon the young. These helpers in rural hilarity ran no greater risk than the discerning criticisms of the children; but in a street of houses one volunteer performer came utterly to grief. It had struck him that to go unexpectedly to an address where infants were gathered, at the bidding of a friend, mount to the drawing-room unannounced, and enter as a bear on all fours with the hearth-rug over him, would, to say the least, be appreciated. He did everything as he had planned, but at the wrong number in the square! He was next door to where he meant to be. There was nobody under thirty in the room into which he broke with grunts and a well-conceived waddle. His apologies were profuse, but were coldly received, and he can now describe the situation only as "past bearing."

A VERY "WARM" YEAR! MIRABILIA OF 1911.

FROM A GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.



1. FROM THE SEAT OF WAR TO THE SEAT OF BOREDOM; PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN AFTER READING THE NEWS FROM TRIPOLI.

2. FROM WAR SCARES TO HAREM-SCARE 'EM SKIRTS; PORTRAIT OF A LADY ENDEAVOURING TO INTRODUCE A NEW FASHION.

3. "O THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT!" A PERSPIRING MEMORY OF THE RECORD SUMMER.

4. THE ROTTEN CONGO APPLE AND THE NICE MOROCCO BREAD-AND-JAM: A FRANCO-GERMAN EXCHANGE.

5. "MONA LISA, WHERE ART THOU?" PORTRAIT OF A LOUVRE OFFICIAL SEARCHING THE WORLD FOR THE STOLEN LEONARDO.

Now that the year 1911 is over, we can see that it has been a regular "annus mirabilis." Not content with witnessing the Coronation and the Durbar, introducing the harem skirt, stealing the "Mona Lisa" from the Louvre, and making us all perspire under a record summer—achievements which in themselves would have satisfied any ordinary, unassuming sort of year, the aggressive period which has just departed stirred up revolutions, wars, and rumours of wars, in all parts of the world, purely out of "swank," in order to make itself notorious. "Swank," however, is always an excellent target for the caricaturist, and some of the *mirabilia* of this "annus mirabilis" are here shown in their properly grotesque character. It may be mentioned that these drawings are of German origin.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

PRETTY motor-bonnets for men, which tie under the chin with satin ribbons, are being much worn in London. Percy intends to wear one at the seaside on his holiday next summer, to make those who do not know him imagine that he is a millionaire with a motor. Yachting-caps have got so common.



In Minnesota every perambulator has to carry lights like a motor-car. They are not obliged to carry hooters, but that is not considered necessary, as all the nurse has to do is to pinch the baby.

LEAP YEAR.

(This is Leap Year, and up to the twenty-ninth of February the girls claim the privilege of proposing to the men.)

The girls are on the watch this year
To leap upon their prey,
So, boys, beware—the Glad Eye dear,
And look the other way;

'Till February's past don't take
The girls out for a lark,
Or they'll propose, and you will make
A leap into the dark.

And girls recall the New York Judge,
"Most any girl's," he said,
"Too good to go before the Registrar for man to wed."

True, Kingsley said that man *must* work,
But why do women weep?
It is because men sometimes shirk;
So look before you Leap.

Some ingenious person has invented a machine for finding out how the roads wear. Not much need for that. Drive over a rutty road, and you will soon know as much as you care to.

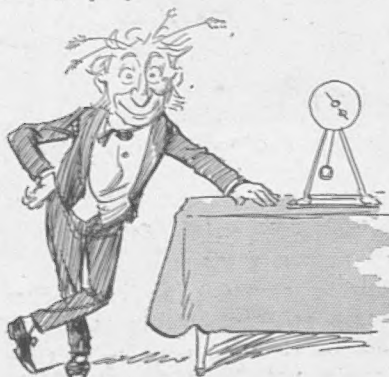
"No man who is careful of his appearance would think of appearing in public with a soft-fronted tucked shirt." There, Percy, that's from the *Daily Mail*, so now you can cashier that rag which makes you look like a waiter who has slept under the table.



Professor Adams's remarks on the effect of feeding upon temperament are not altogether new. From time immemorial Smith Minor, owing to a shortage of enemies' blood, has drunk red ink to give him courage.

"Cucurbitacism" is the latest development of French art. It means seeing everything in circles, and there is only one higher development, and that is when the artist sees everything double. That form of art has a whole string of familiar names.

According to an advertisement in the *Times*, perpetual motion has been solved.



What, again? And how about squaring the circle?

Mrs. Marina Parke, of Chicago, U.S.A., has invented a "divorce ring," which is worn on the little finger of the right hand. Quite a number of Chicago women are said to be wearing similar rings. If they wear a ring for every divorce, they must have uncommonly long little fingers.

During the Christmas season it has been calculated that we have been eating at least twelve million pounds of chocolate. The bill which fathers and best boys will have to pay for this orgie will be as good as an Insurance Bill for the doctors.

The *Library Assistant* is much exercised over the fact that the Shoreditch Borough Council is going to pay its dustmen twenty-seven shillings a week, while the Merthyr Tydfil Corporation offer their librarian twenty-five shillings a week.

That shows how difficult it is to get over the feudal and reactionary idea that work is done with the brains as well as with the hands.



Chilblains are a vulgar and ridiculous complaint, and never inspire any sympathy. But appendicitis is not in the same field if you say that you are suffering from Erythrema Permio.

Zadkiel declares that Mr. George prepared and introduced his Insurance Bill under the influence of the moon. That accounts for the milk in the cocoanut.

Scores of people sampled the vintage when a cask of port wine burst and filled the gutters in Nightingale Lane, Clapham. In this connection "vintage" seems to be a very polite way of putting it.

What a scandalous libel it is to say that not one woman in a million is fit to have a dog! Why, at the recent Dog Show the ladies provided their pets with teddy-bears to play with during the long hours of waiting. What brute of a man ever did as much?

THE PROPHETESS OF THE OBVIOUS.

(Mme. Thèbes, of Paris, foretells that this year will be under the influence of Mercury, and that between January and December several things will happen.)

Come, let us seek the Moated Grange, where gas and electricity
Have never on the cobwebs shed their ghost-dispelling glare,
And, crouching round the embers, let the hall-marked authenticity
Of Madame Thèbes's visions send a shiver through our hair.
She horror piles on horror in a manner most sensational,
Recalling the allusions of the Ghost of Hamlet's Pa,
And, as the ghastly climax of her method revelational,
Enlists the planet Mercury to play the bogey star.

She's great on unexpected and improbable fatalities,
As the burning of a theatre before the year is done,
The death of semi-famous, advertising personalities,
And other things which might, but don't occur to everyone.
It's the atmosphere of mystery, uncertainty, obscurity,
The eerie possibilities of what she leaves unsaid,
That lend a gruesome terror to her peeps into futurity
And lift the hair in horror from the best pomatumed head.



THINGS YOU MAY SEE WHEN WINTER-SPORTING!



JERSEYED LILIES! THE FAIREST FORMS OF WINTER.

Winter sports are gaining a stronger hold upon English men and women each year, and it has been estimated that during the present season at least fifty thousand people will leave this country for the Swiss resorts alone. The winter-sport costumes here illustrated were made in Germany—would one could see them more often than is now the case at the average sport-centre!—[Photographs by Schneider.]



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Offenbach Up To Date.

"Orpheus in the Underground" has lively, almost irresistible, music, a gorgeous setting, and lots of pretty women, and sometimes the book is funny. This sounds like a description of an ordinary musical comedy, and perhaps I ought to add that a few more recruits from the Edwardian theatre would have been useful, for at times it lacked the quality suggested by that shibboleth word

entrain. The illustrious trio, Sir Herbert Tree and Messrs. Alfred Noyes and Frederick Norton, have given a rather difficult task to the players. However, Mr. Courtice Pounds played well enough and sang charmingly, and Miss Lottie Vénne helped greatly by her remarkably clever work as Mrs. Grundy. Miss Betty Callish, the Cupid, made a hit, and Mr. Lionel Mackinder as Pluto sang ingeniously and acted quite well. Mr. Stanmore in the heavy part of Pluto was sometimes amusing. Miss Jane Gair sang one song prettily, whilst she and Miss Hilda Antony and a number of other young ladies looked delightful in their daintily designed costumes. I am not sure that the idea of making



WITH THE LONG NAILS WHICH INDICATE LEISURED EASE: Mlle. POLAIRE AS AN ORIENTAL WOMAN IN "LES SAUTERELLES."

"Les Sauterelles," a five-act piece by M. Emile Fabre, is to be seen at the Vaudeville, Paris. Mlle. Polaire plays Nam-Trieu.

Photograph by H. Manuel.

Eurydice American is comic enough for it to be worth while to get a native for the part: at any rate, some of Miss Eleanor Perry's singing was good. And we had wild revels and cancons—not too French—and remarkable stage pictures and some comic ideas; so the reception was enthusiastic.

"The Miracle." For the rest, one looks round upon a mass of Christmas productions bewildering in their variety and quantity. "The Miracle" at Olympia comes first, for it is a thing apart. Professor Reinhardt, with vast resources at his command, has transformed the enormous building into a cathedral, and in it he marshals crowds in thousands—crowds worshipping, crowds dancing and feasting, crowds rioting in the streets, a gorgeously coloured panorama of life in the Middle Ages. For those who thrill before a pageant there has probably never been anything like it; while those who look for drama will rather wonder at the meaning of it all, but even they must offer up a tribute to the music of Humperdinck and to the colossal grandeur of the wonderful show.

"Where the Rainbow Ends." New also is "Where the Rainbow Ends," a children's play at the Savoy of singular beauty and fanciful invention, with which Messrs. Clifford Mills and John Ramsey have brought themselves into the front rank of playwrights for the young. The adventures of the four children in the island of the Dragon King are not merely amusing, they are really charming, and they introduce us to Miss Dot Temple, a wonderful child actress, who scored a triumph the like of which few children have ever known.

Pantomimes.

Among pantomimes the place of honour goes, of course, to Drury Lane. "Hop-o'-my-Thumb" is another infant prodigy, Miss Renée Mayer, a sweet and diffident little child who dances charmingly and wins her way into all hearts; and with Mr. George Graves in his very best form, Drury Lane has never given us so entertaining a pantomime. Next there is "Dick Whittington," at the Lyceum, which is notable for the abundance of its dancing, the lavishness of its display, and the original knockabout humours of the Egbert Brothers. Then, going South, we come upon "Mother Goose," Mr. Bannister Howard's production at the Crystal Palace, where we make friends with a most entertaining Dutch maid in Miss Venie Clements; while at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, Miss Violet Lloyd and Miss Maie Ash, singing and dancing delightfully, go through all the adventures of Aladdin and his Princess, much helped by the dry humour of Mr. Fred Ingram.

Revivals.

Of revivals there are many. "Vice Versa" has returned to the Comedy, where Mr. Spencer Trevor's Dick and Mr. Arthur Playfair's Dr. Grimstone are delighting all boys back for the holidays; and "Charley's Aunt," with Mr. Windermere as the Aunt, is causing great hilarity once more at the Whitney Theatre. Miss Hilda Trevelyan has returned to her post as Wendy in "Peter Pan" at the Duke of York's, a "Peter Pan" with few changes and bringing back to us old friends like Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. George Shelton, and Miss Pauline Chase. At the Queen's Theatre those wonder children Tytyl and Mytyl are again in pursuit of the Blue Bird of Happiness, and the Forest Scene has been restored, and the marvellous beauty of the kingdoms of the past and of the future brings a choking feeling in the throat and the furtive tear to the eye. Then, to give us variety in our sensations, there are the Follies at the Empire—a full programme in the afternoon and a parody of a West-End music-hall in the evening. They give us of their very best: selections from things we know and are delighted to meet again, and some new things which are quite as good. And, finally, there is at the New Theatre



LEO FALL'S "ETERNAL WALTZ," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: IN THE WALTZ FACTORY.

The photograph shows Miss Clara Evelyn as Lulu von Linden, a celebrated Viennese singer; Mr. Bert Coote as C. F. Smithson, principal comedian, Princes Theatre, London; and Mr. Henry Franchiss as Feo Lahli, King of Operetta. The operetta is described as a "shy, sly dig at the waltz craze." Mr. Henry Franchiss, who plays Mr. Feo Lahli, makes up as a caricature Leo Fall.—[Photograph by C.N.]

"Sweet Nell of Old Drury," without Mr. Fred Terry, it is true, but with Miss Julia Neilson at the top of her form as the sprightly and warm-hearted Nell, and with an excellent King Charles in Mr. Malcolm Cherry and an impressively wicked Jeffreys in Mr. James Berry.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



1. LIKE THE WHITE CITY OF SHEPHERD'S BUSH: IN THE GREAT CAMP, SHOWING CORONATION ROAD.
 2. WITH "FLOWER-POT" HATS: NATIVES IN THE SIKKIM CAMP. 3. ON THE DURBAR LIGHT RAILWAY: RIDGE JUNCTION.

INDIA'S NEW CAPITAL IN DURBAR TIME: CURIOSITIES OF "CORONATION" DELHI.

The great Durbar Camp at Delhi, a white city of canvas some twenty-five square miles in extent, lay outspread beneath the famous Ridge, which in 1857 witnessed the final overthrow of the Mogul power by the British forces. This wonderful camp was, indeed, a city in itself. It was provided with excellent roads, one of which was named Coronation Road; a special railway system of its own, and a perfect water-supply, which cost between £30,000 and £40,000. The camp was lit almost entirely by electricity. Around the central camp of the King-Emperor lay the separate camps of the ruling Princes, numbering in all a hundred and thirty-five.—[Photographs by C.N.]



[Photograph by E. Biermann.]

A TACKFULL WAY OF COLLECTING! A CEILING-LOAD OF PAPERS, EACH CONTAINING A PENNY, THROWN ALOFT BY CHARITABLE DINERS.

The photograph shows the ceiling of Knock's Restaurant, Birmingham, covered with "twists" of coloured tissue-paper, each containing a penny. These have been thrown up to the ceiling, to which they stuck by means of tacks in pieces of cork contained in them. The coins collected from charitable diners in this novel fashion are to benefit the Police Aid Fund for Clothing Poor Children. When the photograph was taken recently it was estimated that the ceiling "held" about £15.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE course of the King's big-game shooting commends itself to sportsmen. It is fitting that there should be no breach of the courtesies between monarchs of men and monarchs of the jungle. His Majesty has, it is true, accounted for thirty of their majesties the tigers, but he has spared them the humiliation of an attendant crowd of cinema-men and reporters at the death, and even in the matter of numbers he may almost be accounted their friend in comparison with Mr. Roosevelt. The King preferred a plan unlike that of the ex-President in nearly every particular, nor will he write a story of the adventures he took, from all reports, quite as coolly and nearly as privately as a dinner in Portman Square. Indian witnesses, always indomitable in idioms, rejoiced in his Majesty's "lion's share" of the bag—of tigers.



MISS BEATRICE ISABEL KNIGHT AND CAPTAIN ATHELSTAN DERMOT ST. GEORGE BREMNER, R.E., WHOSE MARRIAGE IS FIXED FOR THE 3RD. Miss Knight is the younger daughter of the late Lieutenant Maurice Knight, R.N., J.P., of The Grange, Ballymena, and of Mrs. Knight, of 5, St. Mark's Place, Alverstoke, Hants. Captain Bremner, R.E., is the elder son of Mr. William Pitt Bremner, sometime Registrar of Estate Duties, Ireland.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

than ever now that an Earl of Arundel and a little daughter are able to assist in making a Sussex holiday. His attachment to Arundel may even be looked upon by some speculative genealogists as an acknowledgment of the assertion that the tenure of the castle is something more than an ordinary tenure. It is argued that if the Howards alienated this ancient possession they would also alienate the Earldom of Arundel. The new owner, it is claimed, would be entitled to the earldom and to a seat in the House of Lords. America very nearly succeeded in buying a Holbein from the Duke; the castle must offer special attractions for commoners in Connecticut.

But the Duke was never so much the Earl of Arundel as he now manages to be.

Christmas and New Year festivities die hard, and the list of house-parties is still

without end. Only here and there is one that offers an unexpected conjunction of names, or, it may be, a conspicuous absentee. Among the Countess of Cardigan's guests, for instance, at Deene Park were, recently, the Marquess and Marchioness of Ailesbury, an inclusion which would seem to minimise a whole storm-burst of protest made at the appearance of Lady Cardigan's Memoirs. Lord Ailesbury has, as a matter of fact, been a constant visitor at Deene Park, but until his recent succession to the full family honours, he has appeared there as the Earl of Cardigan, the courtesy title of the heir to the Ailesbury marquise.

The Three Arts.

The Duchess of Rutland, a draughts-woman, the Countess Arnim, and the Countess of Bective can for several reasons justify their membership of the Three Arts Club. But, apart from an attempt to define the exact qualifications necessary for membership, it may be pointed out in the first place that the three arts are not at all exclusive. Sculpture, a sub-heading, is tucked away under the coloured wing of Painting; while the Theatre affords many members besides actors: Sir Arthur Pinero, who looks like one, is there; and Mr. Alfred Sutro never looks uneasy in his easy-chair because he is more writer than player. Music is the third heading. It is only the mere author who, if he applies to Mr. Parrish for a certificate that he is eligible, feels that he is rather applying for Parrish relief.

The Coming Courts.

The King returns to a European year of many possibilities. Of these, a meeting with the Kaiser would, under the present stress of affairs, be the most momentous. It has for some time seemed likely that an interview would be arranged almost immediately following his Majesty's return. At his own Court, his Majesty and Queen Mary will be very closely engaged with arrears of work—for it is difficult to find any other term for the laborious series of Courts of which the Lord Chamberlain has published the preliminary announcements, nor is it possible to entertain the hope that the few unusually interesting names upon the presentation lists



MISS GRACE DYKES SPICER, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO THE HON. HUMPHREY PAKINGTON, R.N., HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED.

Miss Spicer is the third of the eight daughters of Sir Albert Spicer, Bt., and Lady Spicer, and was born in 1885. Mr. Pakington, of the "Lord Nelson," is the only brother of Lord Hampton. He was born in 1888.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN OCTAVIUS LOTHIAN NICHOLSON, D.S.O., ON THE 4TH: MISS EILEEN MONTAGUE BROWNE.

Miss Montague Browne is the daughter of Major-General Montague Browne, of St. John's Point, Killough, Co. Down. Captain Nicholson was appointed A.D.C. to the Governor of Bermuda in 1908. He is the sixth son of the late General Sir Lethian Nicholson. He won his D.S.O. in 1900.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



MISS SYLVIA AGNES ALICIA HART, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN WARREN HASTINGS D'OYLY, R.N., WAS FIXED FOR THE 1ST.

Miss Hart is the only surviving daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Clare Hart, V.C., and Lady Hart. Captain D'Oyly is the third son of Sir Warren Hastings D'Oyly, tenth Baronet of a creation dating from 1663. He was born in 1867, became Lieutenant in 1891, Commander in 1902, and Captain in 1908.

Photograph by Swaine.

will do much to relieve the long monotony of the ceremonial for its leading characters. It is worth noting, in detail, that the brides not yet Courted include Lady Linlithgow, Lady Leconfield, Lady Camoys, Lady Gormanston, and Lady Percy. Indeed, in detail, the brides who are to make their bow at Buckingham Palace are intensely interesting; but as mere items in a succession of bowing matrons they cease to be interesting even to themselves.

At Arundel. The Duke of Norfolk celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday at Arundel. The castle is, of course, the right place for all festive occasions. Do not look for the Earl Marshal in Norfolk at Christmas or at Sheffield at New Year. Even St. James's Square is less occupied



MISS HILDA DONNER AND LIEUTENANT H. BYNG PILCHER, R.N., WHOSE MARRIAGE IS FIXED FOR THE 4TH.

Miss Donner is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Harry Donner, and of Mrs. Donner, of 35, Prince's Gardens. Lieutenant Pilcher is the second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drayson Pilcher, of 21, Ennismore Gardens.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]

MRS. GRUNDY GOES BELOW: "ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND,"
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



1. "AN INFERNAL FELLOW": MR. LIONEL MACKINDER AS PLUTO.

4. "A HIGHLY RESPECTABLE PERSON WITH A PROLOGUE": MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS MRS. GRUNDY.

2. "A SELF-MADE MONARCH": MR. FRANK STANMORE AS JUPITER.

5. "A VERY MODERN MAID OF ATHENS, U.S.A.": MISS ELEANOR PERRY AS EURYDICE.

3. "A POST-IMPRESSIONIST MUSICIAN": MR. COURTICE POUNDS AS ORPHEUS.

6. "A GODDESS WITH A PAST, A PRESENT, AND A FUTURE": MISS HILDA ANTONY AS VENUS.

In a note, the producer (which is Sir Herbert Tree and no other) says: "Fate is stronger than the will of man, or even of woman. This dominant note of Greek tragedy is struck in our comic version of the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice. As comedy often points a moral, so may extravaganzas adorn a classic tale. [It is the triumph of Mrs. Grundy over the evil spirit of Pluto which we have endeavoured to superimpose on the delightful trivialities of Offenbach's famous masterpiece.]

"Orphée aux Enfers" was first seen in 1858, in Paris.—[Photographs by F. W. Burford and Illustrations Bureau.]



THE PAST YEAR: A RETROSPECT.

IT is doubtful whether musicians will look back with any special satisfaction to the year 1911, though, when it opened, there were many who saw better prospects in it than any of its immediate predecessors had offered them. The death of King Edward in the full musical season of 1910 had, of course, involved the profession in a serious loss, felt most by those who look to London's great gathering between the end of April and the end of July for a fruitful harvest of well-paid engagements. But if 1910 was a failure, 1911 was expected to make ample atonement. Coronation Year would fill London to overflowing, and every musical entertainment of worth would be safe to find ample patronage: so, at least, said the optimists.



AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE:
MLLE. VICTORIA FER.

Mlle. Fer made a very successful appearance at the London Opera House on Boxing Day as Antonia in "The Tales of Hoffmann," by Offenbach. Also taking part in the production were Mme. Lina Cavalieri, Miss Felice Lyne, and Mr. Frank Pollock.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]

The past summer falsified their hopes. The cost of accommodation in the leading hotels rose to such a high figure that thousands of visitors shrank from accepting the terms offered to them until the eleventh hour, and the benefits that should have come to London were transferred, in part at least, to Paris, which was crowded beyond precedent, and where music reaped some of the benefit. Only on the eve of Coronation did London fill up, and as soon as the week of festivities was at an end, the claims of our extraordinary summer drew the public away from town, not to be lured back by any less attraction than Grand Opera, which, aided by its gala performance and the

Russian Ballet, enjoyed a most successful season. In anticipation of a record year, a London Musical Festival was arranged at Queen's Hall and proved a brilliant failure. Orchestral concerts were not well attended, and some of the most distinguished foreign musicians, who under ordinary circumstances may rely upon a considerable audience, had to be content with a very small one and with financial results that were altogether unworthy of their attainments. If the well-known artists could do no better than this, those who have yet to find a following outside the limited circle of friends and acquaintances were in still worse plight, and one heard of many praiseworthy recitals that brought nothing better than passing public notice and considerable financial loss to those who gave them. To make matters worse, there had been a scramble for dates in what, it was hoped, would prove a record year; and before the season was half through it became quite apparent that many of the engagements entered into could not possibly yield any profit. Another factor that helped to spoil the season was the condition of supreme political tension, for this served to reduce leisure and to turn the minds of many people from thoughts of amusement to questions of political controversy. Unfortunately, too, no great works calculated to stir the public to enthusiasm were produced. Covent Garden offered but one novelty ("Thaïs") in addition to the Russian Ballet, and although this ballet served to fill the house, in spite of raised prices, there was no profit to British music in the success achieved by the brilliant Russian dancers. The summer vacation brought to an end a season that must be regarded as quite unsatisfactory, and many musicians were pleased to find remunerative work at the seaside places, whose summer will long be remembered as one of the most profitable ones on record.

The autumn season, from October to Christmas, had the double interest of Wagner opera and Russian Ballet at Covent Garden, and French and Italian opera in the stately house with which Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has enriched the Metropolis. At Covent Garden, although the prices ranged well below those that obtain in the summer season, the programme satisfied the expectations both of the public and of the Syndicate; and the production of "Die KönigsKinder" added a really beautiful work to the repertory of the house. Mr. Hammerstein's long season is still in progress, and cannot yet be judged.

In the concert-halls there has been but little new work to call for attention, perhaps the most remarkable contribution to the year's music being the symphony by Dr. Walford Davies. The centenary of the Philharmonic Society has been already noted in these columns. With it is associated the retirement, at a ripe age and after many years' strenuous work, of Mr. Francesco Berger, the honorary secretary, and the appointment of Mr. William Wallace, a capable and gifted musician, as his successor.

If orchestral concerts have been better attended in the autumn than they were in the summer, the same can hardly be said of the recitals at the smaller halls, where many delightful performers have played or sung to ill-filled houses. The time is surely coming when musicians will begin to ask themselves whether it is worth their while to face, for the poor results achieved, the heavy expense entailed by these recitals. Attention has already been called on this page to some of the graver disadvantages underlying the existing system by which those who give recitals ask for the best seats as much as would purchase a stall at the theatre or a very comfortable seat in the Opera House, with the inevitable result that many who have yet to find a wealthy following must rely upon private friends, and must even then give a considerable number of seats away in order to secure a well-filled house. It is worth



NOT AS SEEN AT HIS MAJESTY'S: ORPHEUS AND CUPID.

We reproduce this drawing from the booklet presented with the programmes at the first night of "Orpheus in the Underground," at His Majesty's.

noting in this connection that Mr. Landon Ronald, the energetic Principal of the Guildhall School of Music and director of the New Symphony Orchestra, has realised the faults of the existing system, as far as orchestral concerts are concerned, and has cut his prices all round. There can be no doubt but that this is a step in the right direction.

COMMON CHORD.

CINDERELLA : A TWEENIE STORY.



SALLY IN OUR ALLEY—AND GOING DOWN THE STRAND!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LERTE.

THE SIMS-DIX-COLLINS FAIRY TALE: "HOP-O'-MY-THUMB,"
AT DRURY LANE.



1. MISS DAISY DORMER AS QUEEN ZAZA.
2. MISS FANNY BROUGH AS BARONESS CHICOT.
3. MR. BARRY LUPINO AS SMILO.

4. HOP-O'-MY-THUMB REMOVES THE OGRE'S SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS; MISS RENÉE MAYER AS HOP AND MR. FREDERICK ROSS AS THE OGRE.
5. MISS RENÉE MAYER AS HOP-O'-MY-THUMB.

6. MISS MAUDIE THORNTON AS PRINCESS MIRABELLE.
7. MR. WILL EVANS AS POTTERINI.
8. MISS VIOLET LORAIN AS HILARIO.

Messrs. George R. Sims, Frank Dix, and Arthur Collins, who are responsible for the book of "Hop-o'-my-Thumb," Drury Lane's new pantomime, which is described as a fairy tale, have succeeded in departing to a considerable extent from the much-worn traditions of pantomime of older growth, with excellent results. They tell a consistent story and leave far less than usual to gagging. Further, their hero is not a principal boy, but Hop-o'-my-Thumb himself, played by little Miss Renée Mayer.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE KING WHO FORGOT HIMSELF—AND EVERYTHING ELSE!



HIS MIRTHFUL MAJESTY OF MNEMONICA: MR. GEORGE GRAVES IN "HOP-O'-MY-THUMB," AT DRURY LANE.

The King of Mnemonica lost his memory so completely that he forgot himself on various occasions, and everybody and everything else almost always. In the end, Hop-o'-my-Thumb, invoking the aid of the Fairy Forget-Me-Not, placed his Mirthful Majesty once more in possession of memory, and, presumably, in position to cut down his expenses by dispensing with his attendant, Datas—"Am I right, Sir?" It need scarcely be said that, in the person of Mr. George Graves, the ruler of Mnemonica is a most amusing personage.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



"ON WITH THE DANCE—"

A "Moral Ballet"
Before Richelieu.

Five-and-twenty years ago a well-known clergyman was daring enough to brave the opinions and the censure of the prejudiced by giving praise to "Yolande," a ballet at the Alhambra; whereupon the then Bishop of London "prayed that he might not have to meet before the

Judgment-seat those whom his encouragement first led to places where they lost the blush of shame and took the first downward step to vice and misery." That ecclesiastic should have lived in the seventeenth century, when a ballet danced on Richelieu's birthday, in 1634, was described officially as "moral." The theme was "Truth, the Enemy of Seeming, upheld by Time." It opened with "a chorus of those False Rumours and Suspicions which usher in Seeming and Falsehood. These were represented by actors dressed as cocks and hens ["Chan-



AS LA SYLPHIDE: MARIE TAGLIONI.

tecler!"], who sang a dialogue, partly Italian, partly French, with a refrain of clucking and crowing. After this song the background opened and Seeming appeared, seated upon a huge cloud and accompanied by the winds. She had the wings and the great tail of a peacock, and was covered with mirrors. She hatched eggs, from which issued Pernicious Lies, Deceptions, Frauds, Agreeable Lies, Flatteries, Intrigues, Ridiculous Lies, Jocosities, Little Fibs. The Deceptions were inconspicuously clad in dark colours, with serpents hidden among flowers; the Frauds, clothed in fowlers' nets, had bladders, which they burst while dancing; the Flatteries were disguised as apes; the Intrigues as cray-fishers, carrying lanterns on their heads and in their hands; the Ridiculous Lies as crippled beggars on wooden legs. Then Time, having put to flight Seeming, with her train of Lies, had the nest opened from which these had issued, and there was disclosed a great hour-glass. And out of this hour-glass Time raised up Truth, who summoned the Hours and danced the grand ballet with them."

The Soundless
Step.

Of late, even the most bigoted of those who wear the cloth have broadened their minds, and dancing is no longer an evil capering to be seen in secret. There is, indeed, a remarkable revival of public interest in the Little Sister of the Arts, whether she be in tu-tu, in classic dress, or in "natural" drapery. Matters have not yet reached the point at which a general about to take the field enumerates amongst the requisites for his expedition "a troupe of ballet-girls," as did Napoleon when preparing to descend upon Egypt; but it is certain that it is realised once again that dancing is much more than a series of charming acrobatics designed to please the eye—that it may have a meaning, and interpret music as faithfully as can the human voice. It is understood, too, that the dancer does not attain perfection in a moment. The hardest of work is essential if there is to be attained that lightness which was, for example, Marie Taglioni's. "An incident which happened during her stay in London is significant of the discipline upon which her father insisted. He had a small sloping stage erected in his daughter's room, in order that she might practise her steps every night. A gentleman occupying the floor below sent word that the dancer was on no account to interrupt her practice for fear of disturbing him. Philippi Taglioni resented the courtesy. 'Tell the gentleman,' he

said, 'that I, her father, have never yet heard my daughter's step—if ever that should happen, I would have no more to do with her!'"

The Birth of the
Serpentine, and
Others.

So much for difficulties. Then let it be known that the precise form of the dance may be the inspiration of a moment. The famous Serpentine associated with Loie Fuller materialised by chance, by a chance which also had befallen Emma Lady Hamilton. "Goethe relates how at the house of the British Ambassador at Caserta he met 'a beautiful young Englishwoman, who danced and posed with extraordinary grace.' A moment's whim led her to pick up two shawls of varied hues and wave them as she danced. Struck by the brilliant effect of colour, she called to Sir William Hamilton to hold the candles in such a way that the light shone through the gauze drapery. She did not pursue the discovery any further." Loie Fuller, happening upon the effect independently and somewhat in the same way, utilised it to the full, and it made her world-famous. She was in America, rehearsing for a part in "Quack, M.D." at the Harlem Opera House, when she received from a young Indian officer she had met in London a present of an

Eastern robe of fine white silk, "the sort that passes through a ring uncreased. To cut it up would have been a desecration . . . yet its excessive length rendered it useless as a dress without mutilation. . . . Taking a piece of string, Loie Fuller fastened the material loosely about her. While playfully waving the soft folds of silk in the air she caught sight of herself in a mirror facing the window. At that moment the sun's rays transfigured the dress into a mass of shimmering light. . . . So strange and beautiful was the effect that the dancer stood for hours before the mirror lost in admiration. . . . Suddenly, while gazing at the floating clouds of sunlit drapery, there came a sound of distant music . . . in step . . . she danced round the room, tossing the light, billowy material about her. At that moment the Serpentine Dance was born." Maud Allan, we are told, was inspired by Botticelli's "Primavera": "A new idea took shape in her mind . . . an idea that she, too, might render her body eloquent to speak of the joy of spring and of the scented woods, and of emotions yet more various and profound."

Adoration!

The rewards? They are great. Immediate recognition of art, the applause of multitudes, well-earned money and admiration. An lady be in question, doubtless many a much-prized gift, dozens of presents, which, if they do not take the shape of the chemises embroidered with precious stones, and the gold cigar-boxes showered upon Fanny Elssler in America, are equally to be appreciated. It may be with the dancer of to-day even as it was with her. "The very handkerchiefs which she had used after dancing were fought for as precious relics; the water in which she had dipped her hands was preserved in bottles; and her admirers drank her health in champagne out of the shoes in which she had danced the delicious *cachucha*." Thus we deal with two or three of the myriad points of interest which are in "Modern Dancing and Dancers": all to whom the ballet is attractive should turn to the book for the rest. It will repay them well.



AFTER WHISTLER'S FAMOUS PAINTING: CONNIE GILCHRIST ("THE GOLD GIRL").

The illustrations on this page are reproduced from Mr. J. E. Crawford Fitch's "Modern Dancing and Dancers," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Grant Richards.



CARRIER ON OF THE TAGLIONI AND THE ELSSLER TRADITIONS: CARLOTTA GRISI. (IN "LA PÉRI").

WHERE SHE HAD NOT GOT THE PULL!



MRS. ALLEYWAY: Your 'usband do wear 'is 'air terrible short.

MRS. SLUMDWELL: Yes—the coward!

DRAWN BY TONY SARG



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

RETRIBUTION.

By H. GRAHAME RICHARDS.

JACOB VAN WYTT lay full-extended, hidden amid the coarse grasses of a heat-hazed sedge-flat some thirty miles or so from Maasluis, and stared over the plain below. Away to the right the victorious Spaniards were entering into camp; the vanquished, demoralised Dutchmen had long since vanished beyond the skyline in a cloud of dust; the dun-coloured plain was darkened by the distorted forms of both Spaniards and Dutchmen who, having manfully paid war's penalty, would never move again. And it was for these alone that the hidden man had eyes.

To estimate the number of those contorted, wry-mouthed men, lying there so still in the sunshine, was impossible. But clearly the Spaniards had paid more dearly for their victory than the Dutch for their defeat. Jacob van Wytt found this fact very pleasing. He forgot ravenous hunger, overpowering fatigue; his sunken eyes glittered greedily as he fingered the leather wallet beside him and calculated. After three long months of burning, despoiling, sacking, the pockets of one Spanish soldier must be worth more than those of twenty Dutchmen. There would most surely be jewels and gems and other things of great value, but little weight. A grin wreathed the emaciated face of the human carrion-bird at the reflection.

Fortune, so fickle since that nightmare incident at the Siege of Leyden, had manifestly commenced to smile on him again. Soon he would be gone, speeding seawards to safety, and beyond the seas to lands where he was unknown and would find peace.

The longing to be gone was like a fever in his veins. His eyes roved from the sun, sinking to the western horizon with torturing slowness, to the distant camp. The soldiers there were very busy and self-concerned. If he only dared to begin his work now, by nightfall he could be far away and could breathe freely again! The gleam of a gold ring on the hand of an officer lying twenty yards away, his legs doubled beneath him, mocked prudence. He wormed forward until head and shoulders were beyond the protection of the long grasses, and then he paused. The thought flashed through his brain that in one of those tents yonder sat the Spanish General Alva, the tales of whose cruelty made the flesh creep, of whom it was said, too, that he never forgot. He would, it was very certain, remember him and the affair of Leyden. Van Wytt blanched at the thought and drew back swiftly, licking his parched lips. It would be the height of madness to risk falling into the hands of Alva. Until darkness fell he must have patience.

Lying on his back, comfortable in the moist, clinging heat, drowsiness began to steal over him, and vivid, disjointed visions of his life during the past few months flitted across his mind. He saw himself again a burgher of Leyden, in those long months when Alva sat before the gates, and the people of the city had licked their platters very clean. The rustle of the grass about him seemed the cries of the bereaved mothers, of the starving children, and the curses of despairing men. Then it took the form of music as it had swelled forth in the city church each sunset, when the burghers, Van Wytt among them, filed one by one past the altar, renewing their oaths that, come what might, the gates of Leyden should never open to permit Alva and his men to work their will with their womenfolk.

Only Van Wytt had no womenfolk, knew love of none but himself.

And now he was standing before Alva in his tent, promising that the gates of the city should open at the dawn, and that something should prevent them closing easily. And the price was pardon and fortune!

Fast asleep, his face commenced to work. He was crouching again in the black shadow of the southern wall, icy-cold yet perspiring, his heart turned to water, the rope in his hands. Someone must have seen him go, and now on the one side of him

was the stern justice of the burghers, and on the other the savage cruelty of the Spaniards. Then, hours later, he was speeding over the country-side, blindly, desperately, behind him the dead sentry and Alva the terrible. What vengeance would he demand for that dead soldier and the fifty others who had fallen in their futile charge at the fast-shut gates the following dawn?

Van Wytt shivered and trembled in his sleep. In the height of his nightmare panic he seemed to hear the thunder of hoofs, to see the grinning faces of the Spanish soldiers running him to death, and, more conspicuous than all the others, that of Alva.

He awoke with a start, the perspiration streaming from him, and stared about. The sun was gone, the sky rapidly darkening, a cool evening breeze sweeping over the land. A sigh of relief burst from him. It had been but a dream, no more, the result, perhaps, of long weeks of semi-starvation and exposure. Cautiously he parted the grass before him and looked towards the Spanish camp. The next instant he was crouching to the damp earth, white-lipped with fear, his craven heart in his throat. For, marching steadily towards him from the camp, their accoutrements gleaming in the last sun-rays, came twenty soldiers. They could have no other object but him; Van Wytt was certain their eyes were upon him, that he was plain to their view. The thought of things worse far than death flashed across his mind. It left him without the strength to rise and run. He could only lie there, cowering and trembling like some spent quarry run to earth. And his frantic fear, because it left him powerless to reveal himself, saved him.

The soldiers halted a stone's-throw away. Quick commands disturbed the evening stillness. Watching with strained eyes, Van Wytt at last began to understand, and in the same breath he thanked God and cursed fortune. For mysterious reasons known to themselves alone, the Spaniards were posting sentinels to guard the dead.

The fingers of the hidden man sank deeply into the moist earth; he buried his face in his arms and groaned in the extreme of his misery. To this end was it that he had dogged the heels of the Spanish Army over fifty miles, weary, footsore, gnawing his nails from hunger! To be denied when liberty, wealth, peace, were almost within his grasp! It was too cruel, too unspeakably cruel. Like a child, he sobbed in his despair, in the hopeless ruin of his dream. Had he at that moment had the power, he would have risen to his feet and died cursing the soldiers. As it was, he lay there helpless, whilst night came to shroud him and the field of the dead, and gradually the desire for life began to stir and warm his chilled heart again.

When he raised his head the darkness was such that the nearest sentry was but a vague shadow amid the surrounding blackness. He was pacing steadily to and fro over a measured distance, but as Van Wytt gazed he turned towards the sedges and stood listening. Van Wytt knew then how very much he desired still to live. As the soldier advanced towards him he wormed his way backwards, further and still further away. The fear that his presence had been detected had seized him again and blinded him. The shadow against the night had long since vanished before he dared turn and continue his way on his hands and knees. There was a keen night breeze blowing, which searched through his rags and made his teeth chatter like castanets. Unheeding, he splashed through the water-pools, until from head to foot he was wet and bemired. Even when the sedges were behind him, and the soil beneath his hands and knees was firm and hard, he crept onwards in the same way. At least a mile must have separated him from the sentry when his groping hand touched something—another hand, icy-cold. He recoiled as though stung, and crouched, curiously hunched together, awaiting he knew not what out of the night.

[Continued overleaf.]

SENTIMENT!



THE MISTRESS: Yes, that seems satisfactory, and now—a most important question with us—as to politics. Have you any strong convictions?

THE PROSPECTIVE BUTLER: Madam, I will not deceive you—they are my life's blood.

THE MISTRESS: Well, what are they?

THE PROSPECTIVE BUTLER: God save Old England, Ma'm!



ESMERALDA (*singing last encore verse*): "And he'll agree With little me, True lovers we Shall always — be."

ALONZO (*sotto voce*): By 'eaven, if you *did* forget that steak, Soo, I'll half skin yer!

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

A hoarse, tortured voice, little more than a whisper, pleaded in Spanish:

"Water! For the Holy Virgin's sake, give me water!"

Van Wytt's breath escaped in a hiss. "Silence!" he snarled, peering through the darkness.

He was able dimly to discern the prone form of a soldier. Cautiously he extended his hand again, and it touched a gold chain hung about the man's shoulders. A surge of delight quickened the blood in his veins; the man was a Spanish officer. He groped for the cold hand and found rings upon it.

The man moved restlessly and groaned aloud: "Water!" he repeated in a clearer tone. "If you have hope of mercy in Heaven, let me drink . . . quickly . . . I am dying . . ."

Apprehension quickened Van Wytt's breath. A voice so loud might cause an alarm. Without words, he fumbled over the man's body until he found the throat, and his hand closed on it like a vice.

Awhile the dying soldier coughed and gurgled, struggling feebly. Then, when life was fast leaving him, he made a desperate effort, half rose and snatched madly at his assailant. The convulsed fingers entered Van Wytt's rags at the neck and tore them away to below the waist. A moment later, his hands wildly beating the air, the man fell back again and lay very still.

Van Wytt remained kneeling, listening intently. But the silence was unbroken save for the rustle of the breeze and the call of a far-distant night bird. Very deliberately he stripped the dead man and donned the clothes himself. There was a handful of pearls in the belt-pouch, many rings on the soldier's fingers, and the gold chain. Van Wytt silently laughed his joy. Fortune was coming to him by devious paths.

In the pockets of the tunic there was a morsel of food and wine. He ate and drank and felt new life course through his veins. With the jewels in the wallet beneath his arm, he went forward boldly, the glow of the Spanish camp fires far away to the left. Earlier in the day he had carefully noted a wind-swept line of poplars fringing a road. That was the road which would lead him to the sea and safety. And there was danger no longer, he assured himself; Alva lay far enough behind. There was food and wine in his stomach to cheer him, and wealth in his hands. An irresistible desire to voice his relief overcame him. Going like a shadow through the night, noiseless in his bare feet, Van Wytt began to hum softly to himself. In instant response a Spanish exclamation came out of the blackness, and a moment afterwards a harsh voice demanded "The word!"

Van Wytt halted in his tracks and stood as though carved in stone. Dimly he could discern a man's figure looming before him. The man repeated his demand and came towards him. Van Wytt let fall the wallet and turned to run, but the soldier sprang on him and a dagger-point biting deep where the neck joins the shoulders held him still, nerveless, quaking.

"My prowling friend of the night, I would much like to see you in a better light. March!" came the command, and, responding to the pressure, Van Wytt staggered towards the camp.

When they came within the circle of the firelight, a burly quartermaster appeared, to whom the soldier briefly reported. Perceiving Van Wytt's uniform, the quartermaster became very respectful. With an oath he ordered the soldier to remove his hands. Then, as courteously as he could, he apologised for the man's roughness.

It dawned on the unhappy Dutchman that here was a man's part to be played, and perhaps a life to be saved. Clenching his hands, he fought desperately for self-control, to appear unconcerned. He replied to a question curtly, in Spanish as fluent as the Spaniard's own. But the Dutch flavour of his speech was painfully evident. Before he had finished speaking, the quartermaster had dragged him nearer the fire and was examining him.

"By the souls of the saints!" he burst out. "But, as I live, it's a Dutch dog masquerading in a brave man's clothes. It is a matter which will interest the Duke. Away with him!"

It seemed to Van Wytt that the icy fingers of death were already closing about his heart. His eyes grew dim; his knees failed him. He would have prayed, pleaded, but his tongue refused him service. So, speechless, he was dragged and cuffed by two soldiers to the tent of the Spanish General.

His Excellency the Duke of Alva was sitting beside a table deeply absorbed in a Latin version of Thucydides. His intense love of history was the most remarkable trait in his character. It has been said that his ingenious cruelties were modelled on the atrocities of Nero. For some minutes, which were like centuries,

he did not raise his head. Then the book fell to the table, and he glanced at the prisoner. Instantly his sallow, wolfish face became expressionless; his black, searching eyes gave no sign of recognition. He nodded graciously.

"I see you are of Parma's Horse, Captain?" he observed, suavely. "Your name is?"

Van Wytt, poor fool, thought himself unrecognised, and thanked God for it, and for the fact that the wallet lay unheeded out on the plain, hidden by the darkness. Like a rat in a corner he commenced to fight for his life.

"Olivia, Excellency," he replied huskily.

"And your men?"

"Are marching on Amsterdam."

A smile wreathed the corners of Alva's thin-lipped mouth.

"That is strange," he said gravely. "Information has come to me that Parma's Horse returned to Spain two weeks since."

Van Wytt's bloodshot eyes roved right and left.

"Excellency," he stammered, "there was a skirmish. . . . I was wounded . . . left for dead."

"So?" Alva laughed softly and stared, beating a tattoo on the table the while with white, slender fingers. "And you were wounded in the back, *mi valiente*? It is a pity, for you must know, Captain, that I am a strange man in some things. I dislike intensely, for example, soldiers who permit themselves to be shot in the back. Is it possible, I put it to you, to fight a man with your back towards him? Then again, my language spoken as a Dutchman would speak it is not sweet hearing. But you can explain these things?"

Half-fainting from terror, with hands convulsively clasped, Van Wytt acted no more.

"Excellency," he moaned, "you will, for the love of God, have mercy on me."

It amused the soldiers that, the idea of Alva being merciful. Their hands went to hide their grins. Alva took up his book again.

"Search him!" he commanded briefly.

The soldiers obeyed. "We can find nothing, Excellency," one duly announced.

Thucydides crashed to the table. Alva leaned forward, eyes glittering nastily.

"You blind fools!" he snapped. "Is there nothing sewn in the breast of his tunic?"

A soldier ripped open the cloth with his dagger and drew forth a document which he placed on the table. Van Wytt blinked the perspiration from his eyes, staring stupidly. Events were moving too rapidly for his comprehension. This latest development he could not understand.

The Duke read the document to the end. It seemed to please him greatly.

"This proves you a most diligent servant," he said at last. "You have, I presume, taken every means to verify this information?"

"I have done my best," muttered Van Wytt.

Alva extended the document towards him.

"Read!" he commanded.

Van Wytt could not, because his hands were shaking like aspen-leaves. Only occasional words and phrases trickled into his mind, but gradually it dawned upon him that the paper had regard to the disposition of the Spanish Army, its proximate movements, the number of soldiers garrisoning captured towns.

"The other side is of equal interest," observed the Duke.

Mechanically Van Wytt turned the paper and read. As the purport of the few words dawned upon him a cry escaped him; for the communication was addressed to His Royal Highness Prince William the Stadtholder. It was the work of a traitor, and the clothes of that traitor Van Wytt now wore!

The paper fluttered from his fingers. The next instant he was grovelling on the ground, clasping the Duke's knees, praying, beseeching incoherently.

Alva bent swiftly and struck him in the face. "I dislike being mishandled by Dutch swine," he said harshly. Then, in his ordinary, even tone to the soldiers: "Remove the rubbish, and let him be hanged by the wrists over a slow fire. He will have time to reflect, so—possibly he will remember Leyden." Before the soldiers had dragged the shrieking, pleading wretch out of earshot he was deep in his book again.

And that was how Jacob van Wytt died at the dawn of a summer's day.

THE END.

AFTER HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.



THE DAWN OF CONSCIENCE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

THE FIRST LESSON.



PLATONIC LOVE.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

In the New Year. It is not generally a safe thing to prophesy the future happening of the very wonderful; but there is a fairly general feeling that this new year of golf must of necessity be a wonderful one. The ordinary events of first-class importance that are to take place in it, being the championships, will be invested with the full amount of consequence, and in one case will almost certainly be much more interesting than ever before. The reference here is to the Amateur Championship at Westward Ho! the merits of which course I have previously discussed. Not alone, however, because the meeting will be held in Devonshire for the very first time will it have a curious attraction for competitors and public that it has not had for some long time past, but also for the reason that there appears to be a good probability of the early idea of an American invasion in force materialising on that occasion. The American golfers are far from being satisfied with Mr. Hilton's victory in their championship and the deductions which have been drawn therefrom, and they desire to demonstrate that they have a large number of good players who are every bit as good as the British best. As soon as the

Edinburgh Golfers, in the famous East Lothian golfing district. There may be nothing wonderful about that, save in the result. For years past we have been looking forward to obtaining some very unexpected ending from this great competition, and have not been getting it, the nearest approach to anything of the kind being when Arnaud Massy, the Frenchman, won at Hoylake a few years ago. But, naturally, the more the old "triumvirate"—Braid, Taylor, and Vardon—keep on winning, the more does the conviction increase that their new sequence cannot be much longer continued. Will it be broken at Muirfield, where Braid was the winner the last time the championship was played there, his two colleagues of the triumvirate filling the next two places, thus making an amazing demonstration of the superiority of the famous three? I wonder.

Matters of Then the ladies' championship is to take place at Importance. Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire—a most delightful course—and the circumstances of ladies' golf at the present time are such that the meeting is bound to be an intensely interesting one. In this case I believe there is a feeling that it is time that one of



AFTER A BAD DRIVE: PLAYING OVER THE RAILWAY CUTTING AT THE 10TH HOLE.



THE 18TH TEE; AND THE CLUB-HOUSE.



PLAYING OUT OF THE RAILWAY CUTTING AT THE 11TH.

British conquest had been accomplished at Apawamis, the fancy came upon the Americans that it would be a fine thing to get up a properly organised team of their best men for play in this amateur championship of ours at Westward Ho! next June, and I am given to understand that unofficial efforts with this object in view have been quietly in progress for some time. Two of the very best American players in Mr. Fred Herreshoff and Mr. Oswald Kirkby have never been to this country; but it is very likely they will be at Westward Ho! and it is said that there are several others who are almost as good.

Britain v. America? But the chances of a tournament on the lines on which the Amateur Championship is conducted are such that America might never be able to display her real strength in it, and so this idea has developed (on the American side) to the extent of the suggestion being put forward that it would be a good thing to arrange a team-match, if possible, between representative sides of the two countries, and the idea is being persisted in to such an extent that it begins to seem that there is a chance of its being realised, despite the great difficulties that appear to be presented, although those difficulties are more imaginary than real. If that happened it would be a very wonderful thing; it would be the greatest golf match that had ever been played. The other leading championship, the Open, is to take place at Muirfield, the course of the Honourable Company of



AFTER A BAD DRIVE AT THE 7TH: A DIFFICULT LIE.

GOLF IN THE DESERT: THE HELOUAN GOLF CLUB'S LINKS.

As our photographs bear witness, the ground is decidedly undulating and, therefore, sporting. It is a rule that those playing must wear flat rubber-soled boots or shoes. The links are thirty minutes by train from Cairo, and there are two courses—an eighteen-hole and a nine-hole. The amateur record is (or was recently) 73; the professional was 66.

the younger section of lady players should go further than one of them has ever done before. That is what I am told. But all the championships might fizzle out a little tamely, and in themselves they could be no guarantee of a year to be described as wonderful. There are other reasons for the prophecy. Many indications are abroad that there is to be a great leap forward in the popularity of the game, popular enough in all conscience as it might appear to be at the present time. Again there is talk of many great developments in the construction of balls, by which they will be made to fly still further and further; and then, arising from that, the time seems to be at hand when some effort will be made, whether it is successful or not, to standardise the ball, so that it shall not travel so far that the best courses are all spoiled by its capers, as it is maintained they are. Any such effort as this,

made officially, as none has ever been, would create a most mighty hubbub. But apart from all this and many other considerations that might be adduced, it is the simple fact that, with the game going on as it is, every golf year is more wonderful than the one that went before it, and so it is a very safe prophecy that 1912 will not fail to continue with the progression. It is quite clear that there is more general public interest in golfing affairs at the present time than there has ever been before, and somehow that seems to be urging the game along at a faster speed than previously.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

THE VENDORS OF ILLUSION.

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

A VERY happy New Year to you and to me and to my people, in spite of war, catastrophes, revolutions, and—what else did Mme. de Thèbes predict? I could; I assure you, have predicted quite as much, and thrown into the bargain rotten plays, filthy *revues*, books with a pheasant flavour, and a series of crimes called *passionnels*, because it is just as well to use up old labels, and *passion* has a red magnificence more picturesque than *brutality*. The criminal kills not because his passion is strong, but because the law of his country is weak. There is not much passion left in degenerate Europe. But a propitiously sounding name is a great thing, no doubt. Take guillotine; for instance. Of course, there



A RECENT ARRIVAL AT HIS VILLA AT BORDIGHERA: THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

Photograph by Navello.

was a Dr. Guillotin, and he did recommend the use of that machine as clean, quick, and humane in use; but he was not the inventor, and I think the name stuck chiefly because of its jolly, jig-like sound. There is a lilt and a briskness in "guillotine" which suggest a country dance in sabots and short swinging skirts. You almost want to sing the word: "Guillotin, guillotine, tra la la, déri déra" (copyright). Isn't it suggestive of a rustic rondeau? I'd much rather be guillotined than hanged. To hang—what a ferocious, resolute, sullen, sinister, brutal word!

It's as tenacious and cruel as a bulldog bite. Hang—brrr! Where was I? I am—guillotined if I know. Ah, yes, prophecies. Well, it's as safe to predict wars to uncivilised humanity as teething to a babe. Of course there will be war, and there will be peace—one day—but that's for our great-grandchildren. The last-comers, the Benjamins, have always all the luck in life, except at banquets, bargain-sales, and in the titled families of England. What woman, for instance, wants to be a man's first love? What a bore it must be! It's like training a raw housemaid, who'll carry her efficiency elsewhere as soon as she knows enough. As for men, it's different, they dread comparison. They are scouts, explorers, mountaineers—and dupes by nature. It's perverse vanity; vain perversity would be more adequate. Let them to their reconnoitring, their snow, their illusions. And, meanwhile, let us thank Mme. de Thèbes and all prophets for those peeps into the future, even if we did not want their lorgnettes. Why that *acharnement* of the law (in England, at least) against soothsayers, crystal-gazers, palmists, and all vendors of illusion? What harm do they? And they do so much good! They give gold for silver, wealth for half-a-guinea, with health thrown in. They sell talent at almost as cheap a rate as the bulk of real talent goes for. For half-a-guinea they sell recovery to the sick, friends to the lonely, a safe return to the sailor-son, a handsome husband to the dried-up, anæmic, starved-looking spinster. Cheats, did you say? (I know you would not say so, but

somebody must say it that I may refute it) cheats?—not at all: private benefactors, like optimistic doctors, beauty specialists, cheerful writers, playwrights of popular happy-ending dramas, and Lourdes hotel-keepers. Benefactors all of them, all those who will—how say you?—buck you up! Once someone proposed to close Lourdes as a source of miracles. Why, only the other day a pilgrim to Lourdes threw a pocket-book full of banknotes through the train window in acute disgust of money—Lourdes is full of miracles!

Those of us who have no hope must pay others to instil it into us. There is no really superfluous profession—ask Mrs. Warren. A prophet of good omen is our best friend, even if we have to buy his friendship. One lives on dreams more than on bread. The judge who says, "The fortune-teller is an impostor" is like the misanthropic uncle who says to the children, "Nonsense, there are no fairies." Of course there are fairies, and witches, too. I know of one. I am afraid she is the last of the witches. She feels times are changing, and she has so much sacrificed to fashion as to abandon her broom for a horse and cart. But she is a genuine witch all the same. Her broom is there all right, behind her kitchen door. She has a black cat with gold

eyes; simples hang from ropes across the room; and there are owls and snakes, not exactly in her cottage but in the wood near by. She lives in a little hamlet in the South of France, and from town and village, from miles and miles away, sick people come to see her, and often do get cured. They come in donkey-carts, and they come in splendid motor-cars. She has so many patrons that a regular service of char-à-bancs waits at the little station like the omnibuses of important hotels, and the drivers ask you, sotto voce, "Are you for Mother Mathieu, messieurs et dames?" Even a witch has to reckon with silly laws, and Mère Mathieu has had again and again to appear in court; but she pays the fine—she can well afford it—and goes back serene to her herbs and her cat. The doctors of the neighbourhood are very angry against the



PHRYNETTE—OF THE FRIVOLITIES: MME. MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN IN THE ALGERIAN COSTUME SHE WORE AT A RECENT FANCY-DESS BALL.

illiterate old woman, who is getting so rich and is so respected. What will you? it's not doctors some people want, but witches. She does not know anatomy, but she knows the human mind and human vices. She can massage, and she can make tisane, and her prescriptions, being verbal and cryptic, are observed religiously. She attempts nothing but the cases she can treat. She can't extract a tumour, but she can a sorrow—a witch, I tell you! Some day, no doubt, the law will close her little cottage door and that of other purveyors of hope. To protect the public from itself, aye; but, I think it will forget to close the door of the public-house!



ONE OF THE CHIEF REPRESENTATIVES OF ENGLAND AT THE PIGEON-SHOOTING CLUB AT MONTE CARLO: THE HON. PERCY THELLUSSON.

Mr. Th. Henson is the elder of Lord Rendlesham's two brothers, and was born in 1874. He is seen talking to Mrs. Curtiss, who recently arrived at her villa at Saint Jean.—[Photograph by Navello.]



The Horse-Power Committee.

Clearly, the Treasury rating of the horse-power of motor-car engines is not to be allowed to rest where it is at the moment. The Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury have appointed a Committee to consider the provisional regulations which have been made under the Finance Act of 1910 for determining the horse-power of motor-cars, and to report whether any amendments are desirable, with special reference to the equitable treatment of steam-cars and electric-cars. I think the composition of the Committee will be regarded as fairly satisfactory, from the motorist's point of view, at all events. Mr. W. Worby Beaumont, Mr. W. Joynson Hicks, M.P., and Mr. Mervyn O'Gorman can be relied upon to keep up the motorist's end. These gentlemen will at least bear in mind the effect already produced upon engine-design by the formula at present in use, and take care that their recommendations do not put the possessors of existing long-stroke engines at a disadvantage, particularly with regard to the second-hand market, in the fluid condition of which both motorists and the trade are intensely interested.

The Liabilities of Road Authorities.

If County Councils were affected by lavish expenditure as are private individuals, it is probable that they would not so frequently deny liability for damage ascribed by some to the neglect of their servants and officials. In the matter of damage caused to vehicles by the state of roads, a Council generally denies liability as a matter of course; and in nine cases out of ten the private owner is shy of tackling a public body with the rates at their back in the law courts. It will therefore be interesting to watch the progress and result of the case which the A.A. and M.U. are about to fight on behalf of a member whose car sustained damage by one of the wheels sinking into a hole in the road which, it is alleged, was not properly filled in. It appears that a culvert had subsided, and was filled in with stones; it looked well to the eye, but, it is argued, was dangerous. The question of a road authority's liability for the safety of a road for which they are responsible is of the greatest moment to road-users generally and motorists in particular. So that, in espousing the case, the A.A. and M.U. are doing our State a service.

The Polkey-Jarrott Lighting System.

Motorists contemplating the outfit of a new car, particularly with regard to the lighting thereof, should at once become possessed of two highly interesting booklets just issued by the Polkey-Jarrott Equipments Co., of 35, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W. One pamphlet, entitled "Light," opens with a discursive discussion of light and heat, from the views of a neolithic man about the sun, onwards through the various stages—the steel and flint, the use of fats, vegetable oils, gas, paraffin,

and acetylene gas, up to electricity and electricity as developed for the purpose by the Polkey-Jarrott system. The good and bad points of the various systems are contrasted with those of electricity, an excellent case all round being made out for the latter illuminant. It is shown quite conclusively that car-lighting by electricity, at least with the system under review, in use reduces running expenses, averts the cracking of expensive mirror-lenses, avoids choked burners, saves much time and trouble, not only in the preparation and lighting of the lamps (for which, in the case of oil and acetylene, a stop must be made), but also averts the possibility of police fines for extinct back-lamps. Also the head-lamps can be switched out for traffic driving, while

they are much lighter, and there is practically no risk from fire. The second booklet completely illustrates and describes the system.

Elasticity Extraordinary.

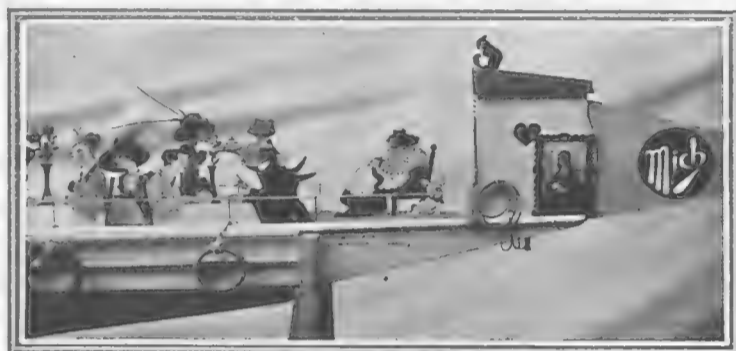
Elasticity is an imperative quality of inner tubes for motor-car tyres, if the best results and the greatest economy are to be obtained. And the elasticity of good rubber is something quite remarkable. One could wish that the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company had been in existence in the days when the range and muzzle-velocity of a catapult were matters of absorbing moment; that is, presuming they could then have produced

rubber of the quality of which their inner tubes are manufactured to-day. To demonstrate this the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company send out a sample ring section with which you are requested to try your strength and to break it if you can. The ring is $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. in outside diameter and $\frac{3}{8}$ in. thick, and without being a Sandow it is possible to stretch this ring to some 26 in. or 28 in. To break it seems impossible.

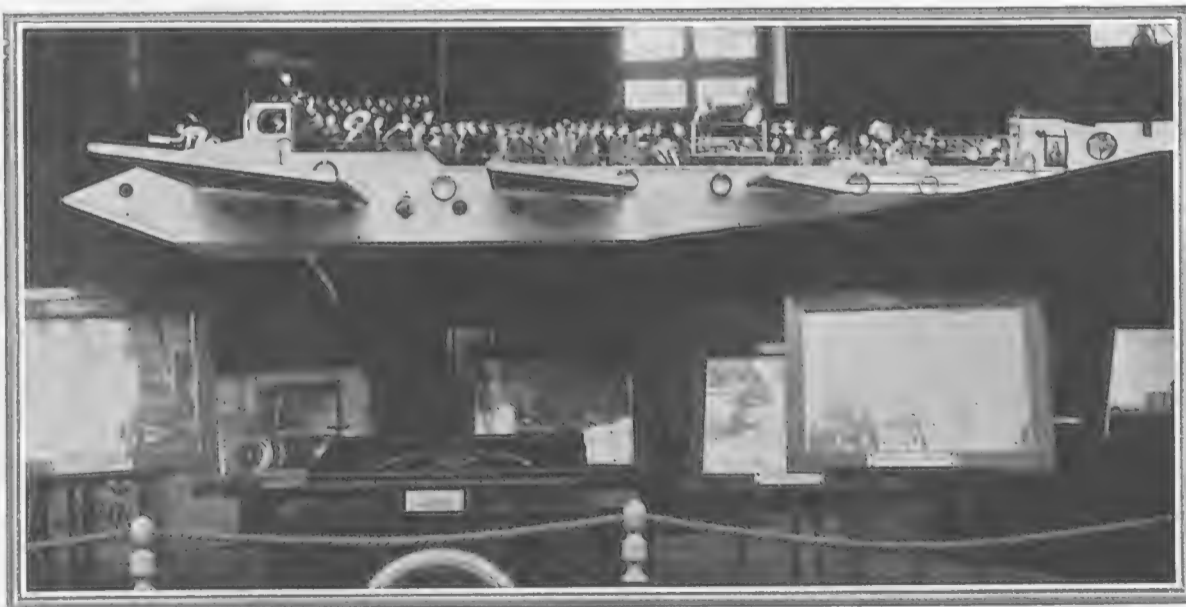
Kent Scorchers, Beware!

Some time since, I referred to the published intention of the Kent Automobile Club to indulge in a little scorcher-catching within the confines of their county, to obviate, if possible, the application of certain local authorities for the further imposition of speed-limits.

Mr. Granville Kenyon, the hon. secretary of the Kent Automobile Club, has written to the *Autocar* outlining the manner in which his club intends to put into effect its very necessary detective-work. Inspection-parties, consisting of three motorists known for their general knowledge of all questions relating to motoring and for their experience in



THE "TRAIN" OF THE FUTURE? MICH'S MODEL, SHOWING THE CARICATURES OF M. BRATTEUR, MLE. SOREL, M. MAURICE ROSTAND, MLE. POLAIRE, M. EDMOND ROSTAND, M. GALIPAUX, AND "LA JOCONDE."



THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL AEROPLANE—WITH MANY FAMOUS PASSENGERS: AN INGENIOUS MODEL WITH FIGURES BY MICH.

Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.

driving, will be selected by the Kent A.C., and such inspection-parties will patrol roads or villages where complaints are made, and will observe and report upon any cases of inconsiderate motor-driving which may come under their notice. Any subsequent steps to be taken in such cases will be determined by the club committee. Now the inconsiderate scorching drivers have thus had fair warning.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

All the King's Horses.

His Majesty has a score of racehorses in training with Richard Marsh at Egerton House, Newmarket, eleven of them being two-year-olds. Of these, of course, nothing can yet be known as to their capacity as racers, but some of their pedigrees are very attractive. Pedigrees, unfortunately, are not always a guide in such matters, some of the worst of racehorses possessing the best blood in the Stud Book. Laodamia was a great mare on the racecourse, but she has been a failure at the stud, and it is curious that the same remark applies to three other great racing mares—Pretty Polly, Sceptre, and La Flèche. In such cases, however, the hope always exists that a worthy colt or filly may be born of such a dam. Thus, great interest will centre in the King's Laomedon, a two-year-old bay colt by Spearmint—Laodamia. Spearmint is only a young sire, but he has already made a big mark, and all racing folk would be delighted were Laomedon to follow in his father's footsteps and win the Derby. Other sweet pedigrees are those possessed by Flitcham (Desmond—Sweet Vernal), Lilacthroat (Thrush—White Lilac), Yellow Pearl (Thrush—Pearl of the Loch), and Flower Jug (Florizel II.—Amphora). If one or two of these are not capable of racing it will be hugely disappointing. The King's horses won seven races in 1911, the prize money not amounting to £2000, which would not go very far towards paying the expenses of the Sandringham stud, let alone forfeits. Practically everything will depend on the two-year-olds next season, the older brigade being only moderate. Royal Escort has not won a race since 1910. Dorando is difficult to train, except when the ground is soft; when fit and well, he is about the best of the elders, except, possibly, Mirabeau, who once or twice last year showed glimpses of useful form.

Entries.

With the publication of the entries, for some of the principal Spring Handicaps and the Ascot and Coronation Cups, those interested in Turf matters have something tangible to discuss. The politics of racing is the principal subject from the Gimcrack dinner until the Thursday or Friday following the first Tuesday in January. From that time there is speculation as to the weights; then comparison of the amateur handicappers' work with that of the official adjuster of weights; then the acceptances; and, finally, ante-post wagering on the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National. Mr. Ord makes the Lincolnshire Handicap, and Mr. E. Topham that for the Grand National. One of the last big handicaps that will be made by the committee is that for the City and Suburban,

for Messrs. Dawkins, Keyser, and Lee dissolve partnership from May 18 next.

Amateur Trainers. The arrival of Lord George Dundas at Newmarket draws attention to the increasing number of those who may, without offence, be called amateur trainers. Lord George only began to look after racehorses a year or so ago, and the success that attended Printer's Pie during last season showed that he did not require much teaching. He was until a short time ago at Middleton Tye, with seven horses belonging to his father (Lord Zetland) and himself. Major Beatty is another clever amateur trainer at Newmarket, and his name has long been familiar in connection with Lord Howard de Walden's horses, and in a minor degree with those of Lord Michelham, the Hon. C. Lambton, and Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux. Major Beatty did every justice to Zinfandel, one of the best horses that we have seen for a long time. May he discover another amongst the youngsters under his charge! Captain Dewhurst has a long string, the property of a dozen or so owners, and he has done enough to prove himself a very shrewd and clever trainer. He got several races out of Protestant Boy, Succour, Pitmaston, and Homestead, and is bound to score some notable successes in 1912. Mr. Saunders Davies has been located at Patching for a few years now, and trains horses for both flat-racing and steeplechasing. Major Edwards has recently returned to Ireland with some of his horses. The Major has had a rough time since his terrible motor accident. One of the greatest things ever done by an amateur trainer was

winning the Derby and Oaks with a mare, and that startling feat stands to the credit of the Chevalier Ginistrelli, who only had two or three thoroughbreds at the time. The Chevalier talks about going to Italy for a few months. The Lambtons—the Hon. G. and the Hon. Francis—are clever trainers, and congratulations are due to the first of the pair on his admirable work with Swynford. Amongst the prominent amateurs who devote most of their attention to sport

under National Hunt rules may be mentioned Messrs. P. Whitaker, F. E. Withington, and the Hon. A. Hastings.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Gatwick, to-day: Reigate Hurdle, Briery; Purley Steeplechase, Kilkeel; Crawley, Steeplechase, Creole. Tomorrow: Grange Steeplechase, My Prince Charming; Moderate Hurdle, Oakmere; Maiden Hurdle, Fireball; Manor Steeplechase, Bormalira. Haydock, Friday: Warrington Hurdle, Climax.

Saturday: January Steeplechase, Flying Loris. Plumpton, Friday: Streat Hurdle, Little Ben. Saturday: Ringmer Steeplechase, Princess Josephine.



AT THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S: MISS SMITH, ONLY DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. F. E. SMITH, AT A MEET AT BLENHEIM PALACE.

Photograph by Topical.



A NEW OPPOSITION FRONT-BENCHER AND OTHER PERSONAGES.

Mrs. F. E. Smith and her daughter, Lady Norah Churchill, Mrs. Winston Churchill, the Marquess of Blandford, Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill, the Hon. Victoria Spencer, and Mr. F. E. Smith at a meet of the Heythrop, at Blenheim Palace.—[Photograph by Topical.]



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

What of 1912?

This new year, 1912, will probably be more normal and commonplace than the one which has just passed away, but perhaps more enjoyable for ordinary people. There will certainly be more private sociability and hospitality than during the last twelve months; and books, the theatre, pictures, and music will have a chance to be discussed and appreciated once more. Moreover, there will be strife and ructions in the world of politics, and the women of both parties will have to arm for the combat on the great question of Ireland with every weapon within their reach. This coming struggle will keep things stirring, and will make 1912 a notable year, even after the splendours and excitements of the past decades. However peaceably disposed the rest of society may be, there will be no slumbering among lotus-leaves for legislators, publicists, and their feminine belongings in the approaching spring.

The Woman's Tragedy. A pert little sou-brette on the Parisian stage—who is surely too young to know anything about it—has recently gravely announced that “the woman's tragedy is that of growing old.” This, to be sure, is the theory of the much-discussed Danish author, Mme. Michaelis, and it is one which, it must be owned, enjoys a considerable vogue, especially among men. Yet it is not growing middle-aged or elderly which constitutes the tragedy—for every human being must pass through the “comfortable middle years”—but the fact that Woman, from her education, upbringing, and environment, tends to become narrow, prejudiced, and uninteresting as she leaves the charm of youth behind her. Nine times out of ten she does not think it worth her while to make an effort to please or sympathise, to enlarge her mind, or to try and keep in touch with the young generation. Then, when she finds that the world is passing her by, and takes no account of her doings or sayings, she is deeply resentful.

Balzac's immortal “Cousine Bette,” the clever, malicious, frustrated spinster, is the archetype of this kind of individual; but there are, in Anglo-Saxon countries, quite as many married women to whom the “roaring forties” present a problem which they, too, do not know how to tackle, and which they hold in fearful dread. Mothers who have the secret of attracting their grown-up sons and daughters are in no such parlous way, yet these youngsters are apt to pass out of their parents' ken, and the “tragedy” begins when the elderly, and possibly uncongenial, husband and wife are face to face to spend the rest of their lives in solitude. Yet understanding, wit, and charm can make an old woman adorable, and I do not know why the feminine sex does not sedulously cultivate those precious qualities which take the sting out of old age and surround the happy possessor with confiding Youth and sympathetic Maturity.

Feminine Fraternity.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has recently laid down the axiom that women do not understand three things—namely, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. This distinguished essayist might have added that very few men do either, and that the elect who do are far from putting their theories into practice. Liberty, to be sure, is a thing which the Briton is supposed to hold dearer than all else, yet this priceless boon is one which he sedulously withholds from his own immediate womenfolk. It will be a long time—perhaps hundreds of years—before Equality has any real meaning in these islands; and Fraternity is one of those vague and sentimental theories which can hardly obtain popularity as our present civilisation is constituted. In spite of Mr. Shaw's delightful saying that England is the only country “where the Poor are kind to the Rich,” it will be ages before the artisan will feel a real sense of brotherhood with the plutocrat, and then possibly only in war-time, in a great struggle for the safety of the country. Yet, though masculine theorists may scoff, there is no doubt that feminine fraternity, a real sense of the solidarity of women, is growing every day, and is much more widespread than unobservant people are aware. It crops up in a hundred ways, in numberless small things, but its importance cannot be exaggerated, for the fraternity of womenfolk will change many things in our present social system.

Bermuda of the Blue Seas.

Of all the sunny places with which people tantalise you at this forbidding time of year in England, I think Bermuda sounds the most attractive. Yet our Atlantic island is now almost inaccessible for English folk, though it is only forty-eight hours' steaming from New York. Consequently multitudes of wise Americans leave the cutting winds, the melting snow, and the sea-mists of Manhattan, and go to

sojourn in a white coral bungalow, surrounded by lily-fields and oleanders, from December to May. For the *agrément*s of Bermuda are many, chief among them being that there is not a train or a tram on the island, and, even though the place is haunted by American plutocrats, motor-cars are not allowed on its fair territory. One of the chief amusements, it appears, is watching the youthful British Tommies playing at soldiers behind the cactus and pear-trees. The hoariest veteran, I hear, cannot be more than twenty-five, but all are warlike and tense, “pointing fierce guns at nothing at all,” and lying low and panting with anxiety and suspense. According to Mr. W. D. Howells, the worst kind of enemy that appears is the American tripper, who comes for a day to stare and tramp about; but even he, it seems, can be evaded by the old Bermudan who knows the uncontaminated spots of this enchanting island.



FROM THE MECCA OF FASHION: PARISIAN MODES OF THE MOMENT.

From left to right, the figures are wearing (1) a dress of tea-rose crêpe-de-chine decorated with puffs, the base of the skirt and the collar in ochred Venice guipure lace, and short sleeves reaching only to the elbow. (2) A tailor-made costume in grey cashmere, the jacket embroidered with silk braid, a chemisette of lawn embroidered with grey silk, and a large hat. (3) An afternoon dress in Directoire style in olive-green cloth, with steel buttons, and a large hat of white felt with a white velvet bow at the back. (4) A dress of black velvet trimmed with Pompadour porcelain buttons, a wide collar and cuffs of old Venetian lace, and a toque of ermine with a band of marten.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 10.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

THE Stock Exchange reopened last Wednesday after the Christmas recess, but the routine of the Settlement and the holiday on Jan. 1 have tended to restrict business, so that, with some notable exceptions, there is not much on which to comment.

As has been the case for some weeks, the principal interest has centred round L.G.O. stock, which has now reached 200 ex-dividend, while all sorts of wild estimates are being made of its probable value when the amalgamation is complete. Marconis have been bought since the dividend announcement, and are up to 64s. 3d.; while there has been talk of further developments among Shipping shares, which have been very active, with P. and O. Deferred in the van. Among Foreign issues, Chinese have risen a little on the news that Sun-Yat-Sen has been elected President of the new Republic.

After the somewhat gloomy year, from a market point of view, which has just passed, dealers are hoping for better things from 1912, but at present the outlook is a little hazy. The Mining and Home Rails Markets we refer to below; and Americans do not display much life, although Industrial conditions are improving. On the other hand, the tone of Rubbers is certainly more healthy, and the Miscellaneous Market keeps fairly busy; so, given an absence of any fresh unfavourable developments, it seems probable that the New Year will make a better showing, at all events, than the one that has just closed.

KAFFIRS.

Depressing news seems to be the only kind of news that is published about the South African Market, and nobody appears to have a good word to say for it, yet how can it be otherwise? With every desire to be fair, and a very real reluctance to kick the fallen, we cannot take anything but a gloomy view.

The East Rand scandal, and the quaint explanation offered thereon, have been followed by the split between the Farrer and Wernher-Beit groups over the question of control. The statement that the Crown Mines are largely to increase their capital has not helped matters, and although the monthly gold outputs from the Rand for 1911 have again produced a record, profits on the whole cannot be called satisfactory, and it is estimated that the amount paid in dividends this year is nearly three-quarters of a million less than last year. The Kleinfontein dividend is reduced; the Witwatersrand Deep, which declared 25 per cent. a year ago, now declares only 10 per cent., owing to water troubles; and the Knight Central board have announced that they do not feel justified in declaring a dividend at all for the past year.

More serious still, however, is the fact that reports on the labour question continue to be so disquieting, and it seems almost certain that expenses will increase to a very considerable extent in this direction in the near future.

All these various influences are having their effect, and the general condition of the market is not satisfactory. The investor does not hold directors responsible for labour troubles or decreased ore-values, but he does blame them for the fact that he gets so very little information, and that he gets it only after market movements have foreshadowed it.

There is a limit to what "shop" support can accomplish even in this market, and if once the public lose confidence, values will have to be readjusted, not only to actual yields, but also to the law of supply and demand.

HOME RAILS AND LABOUR.

Since August last the Home Rail Market has been overshadowed by labour troubles of its own, and although these are now happily at an end, similar troubles in other directions seem to crop up as soon as the market begins to imagine that the end is in sight. Railways are in the unfortunate position of being dependent upon other people's prosperity, and with the cotton lock-out on top of the threats of a coal strike, it is hardly surprising that a renewed heaviness has been apparent. The result of the miners' ballot will not be known until the end of this month, and if the voting should be in favour of a strike, work could not actually cease before the 1st of March; so there still remain two clear months in which a settlement may be arrived at. Both masters and men have shown some desire to come to an agreement over the minimum wage question, and although South Wales is a danger-spot, we are hopeful that a strike will be averted.

The feeling between masters and employees in the cotton trade is, we fear, much stronger, and it has been clear for some time that the non-unionist question must sooner or later be brought to a head, and the trouble is undoubtedly very serious. Sir George Askwith, however, has been successful before, and the conciliation machinery works so much more quickly nowadays that it seems reasonable to expect that efforts towards peace will be attended with success in this instance also.

Although maybe "the end is not yet," we do not think there is room for any further serious fall in this market, and the public will sooner or later realise how attractive are the yields at present prices. Troubles and the risk of troubles at home always seem greater than those at a distance, yet no part of the world can to-day be said to be unaffected by the labour question: it is ever-present in Australia, threatened in the United States, most serious in the Transvaal, and recent news from Chili shows how it may affect the Nitrate industry.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Our Stroller must really have been in sentimental mood—

"If all the good wishes uttered in this street," he remarked, "were to come true, what happiness and prosperity there would abound this year!"

"Same thing probably applies to every other street in the kingdom," replied his broker, nothing if not matter-of-fact. "We waste a lot of time and breath—"

"It strikes me," struck in Our Stroller, "that the public is getting very wary of Home Railway stocks."

"Did you say 'wary' or 'weary,' Sir?" inquired a jobber.

"Both, I should say," the broker put in promptly. "But there must be a good many bears—"

"There are far too many House bulls," declared another. "Half the jobbers in other markets are bulls of Home Rails, and that in itself is enough to stifle any rise, let alone labour troubles in addition."

"They tell me to buy Brazil Rails," said Our Stroller, to break an awkward pause.

"I know. Saw it in *The Sketch* myself a week or two ago, just before the big rise took place."

"Then they've gone up already?"

"From 56 to 66. I believe they'll go down again."

"What makes you think that?"

"Got a few myself, which I'm keeping for 70. That's fatal to any share in the Stock Exchange."

"Don't those South American Power things move!"

"It's about the best market in the Stock Exchange for money-making," declared a broker. "Take Rio Trams, Manaos shares, Para Electric, and all that kind of thing. Why, I believe it is the coming field for speculation."

"They tell me to buy Bus stock"; Our Stroller had all the popular tips at his disposal.

"And Cements, and Marconis, and Duffs, I suppose," his broker laughed.

"Too dangerous for me, altogether," said another; "but I know a man who bought the stock at 25 and won't sell."

"He deserves all he makes, or loses. What a fool not to take a profit like that!"

Our Stroller and his broker drifted into the Long Room at Lyons', where the dominoes clatter incessantly from noon onwards. The waiter told them there were some men who played for six hours regularly every day.

Our Stroller looked incredulous, but the waiter assured him it was only too true. "We know it to our cost," he added ruefully.

"There are a lot of jobbers in the Kaffir and Rhodesian Markets who have nothing else to do," said the broker, "so they play dominoes."

"Kaffirs must be getting somewhere near their true values."

"The further the fall, the better will it be for that market in the long run," was the sage reply, as the broker launched into a lengthy disquisition which, if repeated, would probably bore our readers as much as it bored his best client. And it could have been all summed up in the one word—"Wait!"

Saturday, Dec. 30, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

CARMEN.—We have made inquiries as to the mine, but can get no information in the market, nor can we find anything in the reference books. Let the gentleman keep his shares, and do you keep your money.

H. A.—The bank has been through bad times, in company with other African concerns; and at present the smash of the Bank of Egypt has made people nervous of the liability which such shares carry. Only the very inside management can tell what the real position is, but we should not advise you to increase your liability unless it is a matter of indifference to you.

A. E. M.—We have sent you the name of the firm of brokers. You might buy (1) Leopoldina Terminal Debentures, (2) Chilean Northern Railway bonds guaranteed by the Government, (3) United of Havana Preference stock. You will get a trifle over 5 per cent. all round.

X. Y. Z.—The railway is in course of construction; part from Newport to Paspebiac is open, and the section from Gaspe to Newport nearly finished. Interest on about £500,000 bonds issued is paid from a Canadian Government subsidy, and any deficiency made up by the contractor. In our opinion a most undesirable security.

J. L.—A fair second-class investment. The loan was only issued in 1908, and no default has ever taken place.

BELELE.—We see no reason to answer your hypothetical questions. The price of the Preference stock is 111, and Ordinary 127. If the Second Debentures carry 4½ per cent interest, they could be issued at, say, 105, and give the shareholders a fair advantage.

THISTLE.—Inquiries shall be made, and an answer given next week.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Easily Got, Easily
Gone.

Cheques are very ordinary Christmas presents in these practical, workaday times. They save a lot of trouble to the giver, and the recipient takes no end of pains to invest them, at the sales now in progress, to advantage. It is a selfish period: "Love mammy, love daddy, love



THE WULFING THAT KEEPS THE GERM FROM THE DOOR; THE "TEMPLE OF HEALTH" AT THE HYGIENE EXHIBITION AT DRESDEN.

At the International Hygiene Exhibition, recently held at Dresden, great interest was aroused by the striking stand of Messrs. A. Wulffing and Co., as shown in the photograph. They were awarded the Grand Prix for their well-known preparations—Sanatogen, the tonic food; and Formamin, the germ-killing throat-tablet.

A Correction. In writing of a visit to Tecla's, I have had it pointed out that I gave the address as New Bond Street. *Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*—it is, of course, 7, Old Bond Street.

Night Birds' Plumage. Miss Constance Drever, in the opera "Night Birds," wears one dress that caused something of a sensation on the first night. It suggested rather floating than flying; rather a poem than a song. One thought of Robert Louis Stevenson and Pacific sunsets, golden beach and waving palms, gorgeous colours, and the leisurely flight of brilliantly plumaged birds. It is difficult to describe. It begins with black gauze, having light gold glinting here and there through it. Then there is deep-sea blue, still light and diaphanous, still jewel and gold flecked. The greater part is deep, dreamy red, again a fabric light and gauzy, and embroidered with golden palm-leaves. There is a deep band of many jewels on this dream-like red. The top part is white, so light and transparent that the lines of jewellery appear to rest on the white flesh, in this case fleshings. The head-dress is a cap of turquoise and diamonds with the most superb emperor bird-of-paradise at one side. It is a painter's dress, as well in colour as in form.

Swallows Flying South. There is a great migration South just now. At Christmas-time it was more to the land of sun and snow; skies seemed to be in every able-bodied person's baggage. Now the blue sea and the sunshine call away our British brown birds to do a flutter among their gayer Continental confrères. Plumage must match the occasion. Women, whom here we see in short serge skirts and golf jerseys, there we must picture on the links in white serge or cloth,

or skirts and jerseys of bright colour. On the promenades we can imagine them in clinging draperies of pale hues. Very many frocks which I have seen for the South are of the lightest tint of gull's-wing grey, while Mandarin blue is also a favourite hue. In our minds' eyes we see the gay-plumed hats and the pretty sunshades to match, and we look at our own grey skies and heave an envious sigh. The rooms at night, when our grey and brown birds are in light evening garb and wearing becoming hats—a kind of dress that in itself causes little thrills of aloofness from the orthodox—do not, perhaps, from an atmospheric point of view, cause us envy; but the life and "go" is attractive. It is so odd to see the British matron in a casino. She enjoys herself in spite of herself in such a very blatant way. It is, perhaps, the only place where one sees very smartly dressed women quite unconscious of their dress; for they are conscious of something even more attractive to them—the greed of gain.

Sweetness of the South.

Gardens and villas make the sweetness for the South. It is so beautiful to walk in an orange-grove and look out over palms on to the deep cobalt-blue of the Mediterranean. There is no lovelier garden on the coast-line than that of Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux's Villa Eleanore, the first villa built at Cannes. As yet the garden is not at its best, but there is enough bliss in it to enchant the migrants from our grey clime. Inland, at Grasse, Miss Alice de Rothschild's gardens make an earthly Paradise—one tilled, however, by an army of gardeners all in a dark-blue uniform, with red caps.



WINNER OF £20,000 AT MONTE CARLO; DON JAIME DE BOURBON, THE SPANISH PRETENDER.

Don Jaime de Bourbon had a great run of luck at Monte Carlo during the Christmas holidays. He went to the Casino with a capital of about £2000, and in one evening won £16,000 at "trente-et-quarante." The next morning he won a further £4000, and in the afternoon left for San Remo, saying, "Now I shall take a rest." He is the first winner of an exceptionally large sum in the new rooms that were opened last January.

Photograph by E.N.A.



A CHILD STAR OF MUCH BRIGHTNESS: MISS DOROTHY FOVARGUE, WHO IS DANCING IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE CORONET. Little Miss Dorothy Fovargue (not Alice Forague, as the programmes had it at the first performance) is making very good, as an American would put it, in the Coronet's pantomime, and is winning much well-deserved applause. She is a dancer of exceptional grace and ability, and is a pupil of Miss Brandon, the well-known ballet-mistress, who herself was trained by the late Leon Espinosa.

"The Babes in the Wood." At the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, the pantomime is a novel version of "The Babes in the Wood," in which, besides the traditional characters, there also appear Robin Hood and his merry men, Maid Marian, and Herne the Hunter. On the first night the production was received with much applause, the children—who, of course, formed a large proportion of the audience—finding the entertainment greatly to their taste. The hit of the evening was undoubtedly the performance of a delightful child toe-dancer, little Miss Dorothy Fovargue (whose name, by the way, was given incorrectly on the programme). She danced with a charming and unaffected grace which entirely captivated all hearts, and won for her a perfect storm of applause. The skill with which she went through many of the traditional steps of the ballet seemed to mark her out as a Pavlova of the future. The Babes themselves were well represented by two other young performers—Miss Hilda Hansford and Miss Phyllis Norman. Among the comic elements in the pantomime should be mentioned especially the husband-hunting schoolmistress, excellently played by Mr. Leonard Russell; also the efforts of Messrs. Dale and O'Malley as "abolished Peers who have taken to kidnapping for a living," and Mr. Jack Rawson as Billiken. Miss Myra Hammond as Robin Hood, and Miss Margaret Rawson as Maid Marian, also contributed much to the success of the evening.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Love That Lives."

By MARCEL OSGOOD
WRIGHT.
(Macmillan.)

"The Love that Lives" comes from America, and is related to that class of fiction once very popular on this side, and made familiar by "Little Women." An idealistic marriage between a young minister and a beautiful girl whose flower-like qualities stamped her an exotic in his parish ushers in their young family. It is with the young people as they group about their parents that the story is chiefly concerned. The two girls (one self-possessed and dreamy, Athene by name, and Pandora, a puck-like creature) and their brother, Martin Luther, who refused to be a minister like his father, all have love affairs which enliven the domestic atmosphere. Romance comes in, for Martin Luther in particular, with the person of Aline Pasquier, a French-Canadian, and a schoolmate of Athene's. And there are episodes lightly humorous or touching, such as similar American work has accustomed us to, in which the minister's family and circle take part. A quite irreproachable book for girls, though one wonders how the hockey-girl, who is so much with us, would take the undiluted draughts of sentiment which are of frequent occurrence. Matrimonial affection and family affection are both beautiful and sacred, and the author, following again her type of fiction, is apparently quite certain that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing. But a girl who would have followed Jo's and Beth's history with delight in those little women's doings will delight also in the pairing and mating of these pleasant young men and women.

"Sekhet."

By IRENE MILLER.
(The Bodley Head.)

"Somewhat over life-size, it stood, stiffly erect, one foot advanced, the symbol of Life held in its grasp. It was raised above the sand of the floor on a low pedestal. . . . It was terrible, awe-inspiring, with its inhuman head, the menacing feline features bearing so clearly the impress of un pitying and vindictive cruelty, malignant spite, merciless joy in the inflicting and witnessing of the direst agonies that can rack tortured brain or flesh or spirit." Crusher of hearts, goddess of Love and of Cruelty, personification of Love and Lust—that was Sekhet. And Sekhet is the keynote to Miss Miller's drama, the rest of the *dramatis personæ* being, as stated at the outset, but Sekhet's tools or her victims. Readers may therefore prepare for an emotional time, with an uneasy feeling in the background that no good can come of it. Evadne had no chance from the beginning. Socrates,

her father, her own generous heart, all conspired against her when she found herself alone in a romantic Neapolitan villa with a black-guard guardian making love to her. She accepted that situation without moral degradation, by virtue of all those accidents of training which the father, with theories like those of Mr. Shandy, had thrown about her early path. It was not till she peered into the Egyptian temple, and confronted the goddess, that real misgivings assailed her. Her guardian-seducer was beginning to weary, and the party of his making which picnicked so gaily in the desert was an indication of his boredom. As Evadne's classical education sensitised her to the ancient symbols of humanity, so her woman's instinct aroused her to a knowledge of a new departure for her lover; that there was another woman, there had been others, and there would be still more. And where a different nature would have made a bad best of the situation, Evadne could only make a fine worst, by irrevocable flight. Her experiences in London and Edinburgh with theatrical folk and many landladies are so probable that they almost suggest a note-book which stored first-hand observations. It was a heart-breaking time, and when at last the goddess relented just enough to give once again love, she prepared also a quite fiendish cruelty. Lord Winborough is hard of belief. He is Sekhet's master-tool. It would have needed quite different treatment to keep out of such a story a certain exaggeration. Superlative beauty, innocence, and nobility must play the victim to incredible baseness. But accepting the author's premises, she unfolds her tale with a warm impetuosity which must awaken those emotions prized of the Greeks, pity and fear.

We much regret that, in the note beneath the photograph of Earl Howe's shooting-party, given in our issue of Dec. 27, we inadvertently confused Viscount Curzon, Earl Howe's son, with Earl Curzon of Kedleston, ex-Viceroy of India.

The royal warrant as purveyors of jam, jellies, and canned English fruits to H.M. King George V. has been received by Messrs. Chivers and Sons, fruit-growers and manufacturers, Histon. The firm's name is a household word, and we all feel the reflected honour. It is the more deserved that this firm was the first of the fruit-growers to commence the manufacture of jams in our own country, and was also the pioneer of the British canned-fruit industry; these two branches of preserving fruit have given an immense stimulus to fruit-growing in the United Kingdom. Happily, we begin to know the health giving and keeping properties of fruit. It is one of the things about which we are prepared to follow American advice and "eat all we can, and can all we can't!"

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910 x 90	4	12	0	5	5	0	1	5	0	1	8	4
760 x 100	4	16	0	5	9	0	1	4	0	1	2	8
810 x 100	5	4	0	5	17	0	1	5	0	1	5	6
870 x 100	5	12	0	6	6	6	1	7	6	1	9	8
815 x 105	5	12	0	6	5	0	1	7	0	1	7	0
875 x 105	6	1	0	6	15	0	1	8	6	1	8	4
915 x 105	6	6	0	7	2	6	1	10	0	1	14	0
820 x 120	6	14	0	7	0	0	1	12	0	1	9	8
850 x 120	7	1	6	7	6	6	1	13	0	1	11	2
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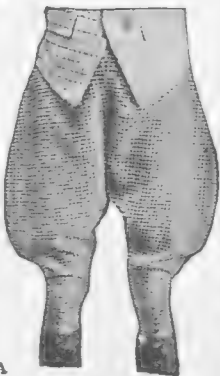
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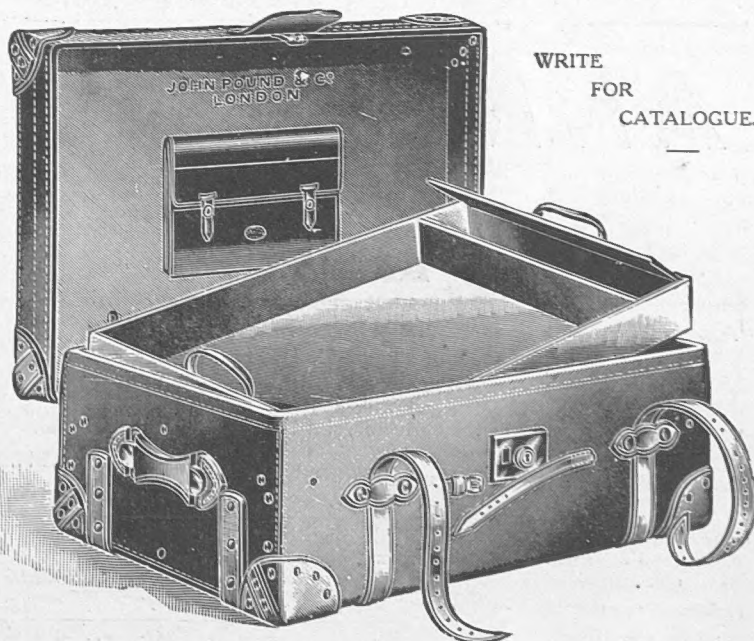
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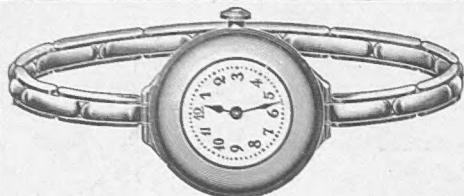
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Riding Corset	32/6	29/3
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Corsets, Coutille	35/-	31/6
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" Broderie Anglaise	35/-	31/6
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" " "	42/-	38/-
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Corset in Silk	52/6	48/6
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Corsets, Brocaded Coutille	47/9	43/-
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	Usual Price.	SALE PRICE.
Corsets in Silk	63/-	57/-
" "	73/6	67/6
" White Coutille	25/-	22/6
" Silk Batiste	3/3/-	2/17/-
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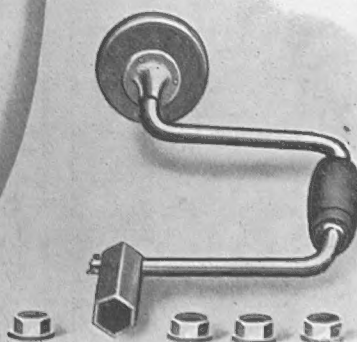
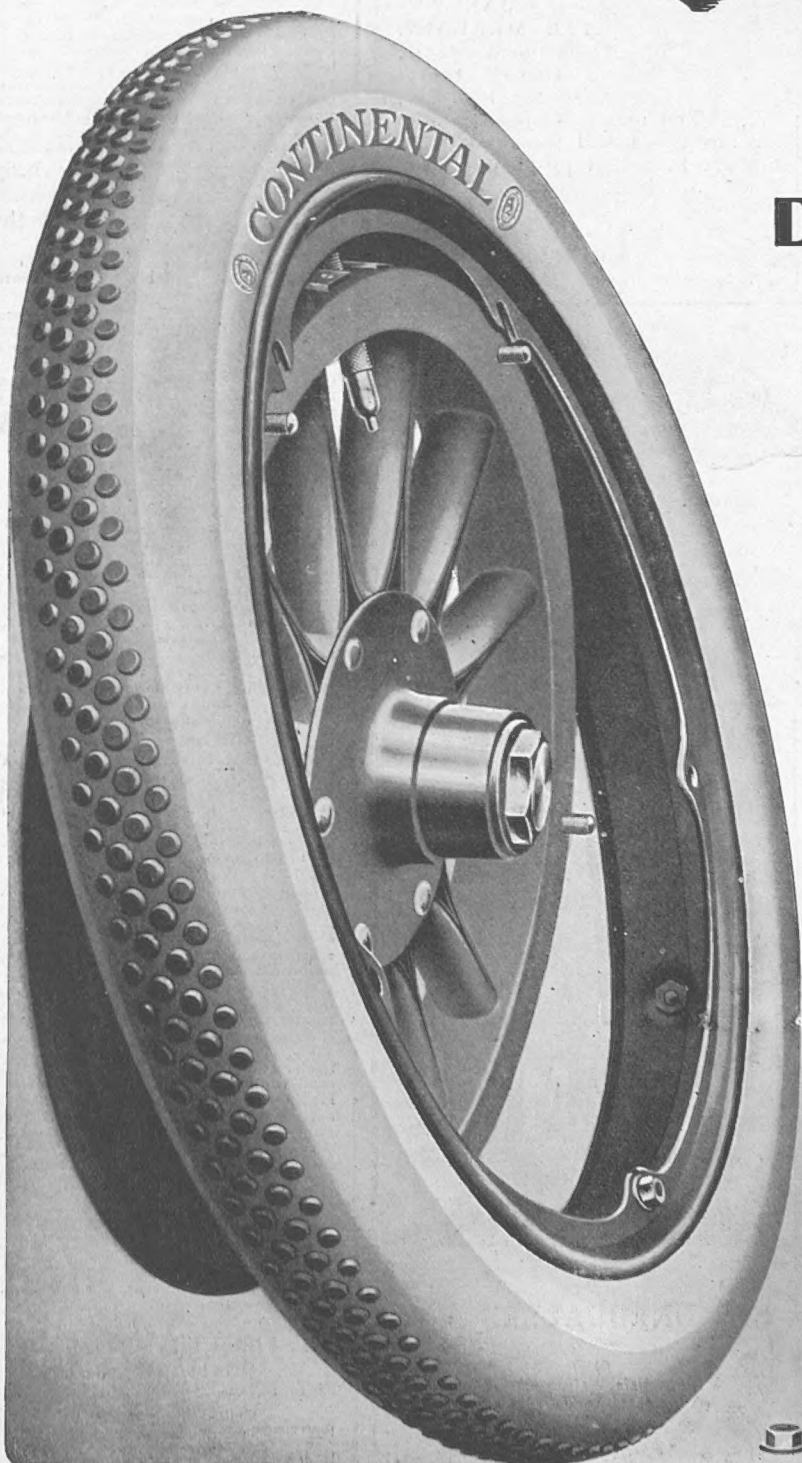
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